

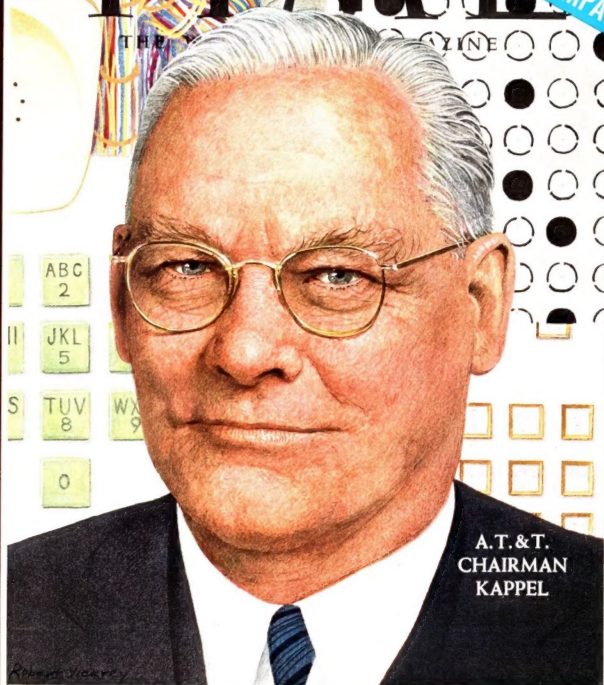
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

MAY 29, 1964

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST COMPANY

TIME

THE WEEKLY MAGAZINE



A.T.&T.
CHAIRMAN
KAPPEL



Here's a unique new plan to help you manage your money now

Money management isn't for professionals alone. Whatever your family's income, money problems are always present. And they're not easy to solve.

This is just one reason why Connecticut General Life Insurance Company has created a unique new plan to help you manage your money *now* . . . a plan that provides *immediate* financial advantages. What's more, it helps you start today to meet tomorrow's goals without cutting back!

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CONNECTICUT GENERAL 

The Odd Lot System

of the New York Stock Exchange.

Read how this unique system makes buying and selling even a single share of stock so quick and easy.

Finding a buyer for just one share of stock, when you want to sell, may have the ring of the needle-in-the-haystack problem. But a remarkable system at the New York Stock Exchange has helped make it possible, and for most stocks usually in a matter of minutes.

It's called the odd-lot system.

In the early days of the Exchange's 172-year history, investors traded in any number of shares. As the years passed, trading tended to concentrate in round lots, usually 100 shares. Finding buyers and sellers for smaller amounts became increasingly difficult. So dealers began to specialize in buying and selling odd lots of 1 to 99 shares, dealing with other Exchange Members with such orders to execute for their customers.

Round lots still account for some 92% of the shares bought and sold by the public on the Exchange. But odd-lot dealers execute more than one-third of all the public orders.

Here's how the unique odd-lot system works:

■ You order your Member Firm broker to buy or sell any number of shares from 1 to 99.

■ Your order is relayed to the post on the floor of the Exchange where your stock is traded. There it is picked up by an odd-lot dealer.

■ One of the most important features of the odd-lot system is that if you place your order "at the market," meaning the prevailing market price, the dealer executes it at a price based on the first round-lot sale after he receives your order.

For example, if you're selling an odd lot and the round-lot price for 100 shares is under \$40 a share, the odd-lot dealer buys your stock for 1/8 of a point (12½¢) a share under that price. If it is \$40 or higher, he gives you ¼ of a point (25¢) a share less than the round-lot price. If you were buying, he would sell stock to you and add those figures to the round-lot price. The differential is the only compensation he gets for his service.

■ Counting your broker's regular commission and the odd-lot dealer's differential, the average cost of an odd-lot transaction on the New York Stock Exchange is estimated at just 1½% of the total amount involved. The percentage

is higher for small orders, lower for big orders.

Your order is just one of many, of course. The odd-lot dealer is constantly buying odd lots when others want to sell, and selling when others want to buy. At times, a succession of orders may leave him with more shares than he wants, or fewer. To offset these transactions, he buys and sells in the round-lot market.

Like any businessman who takes a risk, his goal is to make a profit while carrying out his specialized functions.

The odd-lot system of the Exchange provides flexibility for the investor, big and small—the opportunity to buy or sell in an orderly market. This freedom to invest, then sell, then perhaps re-invest so easily in new or expanding businesses is one of the dynamic forces that characterize the American business scene.

Own your share of American business
**Members New York
Stock Exchange**



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RELIEF IS JUST
A SWALLOW AWAY

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, May 27

TOWN MEETING OF THE WORLD (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.).* Former Vice President Richard M. Nixon, Senator J. William Fulbright, British Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson, and Maurice Schumann, chairman of France's Foreign Affairs Committee, will be linked via Telstar II for a live discussion of U.S. foreign policy, based on Senator Fulbright's recent denunciation of the assumptions behind U.S. policy.

Thursday, May 28

GENTLEMEN: START YOUR ENGINES (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). History of the Indianapolis 500-mile Speedway Race. Color.

KRAFT SUSPENSE THEATRE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Julie Harris stars as a homely schoolteacher wooed by a handsome fisherman who is determined to get hold of a ring she purchased in a curio shop. Color.

Friday, May 29

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATRE (NBC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Efreem Zimbalist Jr. stars in an adaptation of Carson McCullers' *The Sojourner*, the story of a restless wanderer.

Saturday, May 30

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). National A.A.U. Gymnastics championships from Kings Point, L.I.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9 p.m.-conclusion). Sidney Poitier, Rock Hudson and Dana Wynter in *Something of Value*.

Sunday, May 31

THE CAMPAIGN AND THE CANDIDATES (NBC, 7-7:30 p.m.). Preview of the California primary elections.

Monday, June 1

MONDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 7:30-9:30 p.m.). Gene Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor and Cyd Charisse in M-G-M's 1952 spoof of Hollywood moviemaking, *Singin' in the Rain*.

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Theodore Bikel guest-stars as the father of a 20-year-old mentally retarded boy accused of having molested a young girl. Repeat.

Tuesday, June 2

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Carol Burnett re-creates the role of Princess Winifred, which first brought her to fame.

THEATER

On Broadway

HAMLET. Although Richard Burton as Hamlet and Hume Cronyn as Polonius burnish all the richness of language, wit and humor of the play, this revival, and specifically Burton's Hamlet, lacks the burning passion, the mind-tossed anguish, the self-divided will that Hamlet must have to be a true prince of tragedy.

FUNNY GIRL shines in the refracted light of the most brilliant new star to rise over Broadway in years, Barbra Streisand.

HIGH SPIRITS. As a spirit brought back to haunt her husband by means of a slapstick séance conducted by mad Bea Lillie, imp-

ish Tammy Grimes is about as ghostly grey as a rainbow.

ANY WEDNESDAY. Without even the help of her closetful of balloons, Sandy Dennis ascends from platinate to helminate in two acts.

DYLAN. Alec Guinness probes the special hell in which Dylan Thomas found himself. His performance is moody, taut with rage and sometimes bright with humor.

HELLO, DOLLY! Part of this musical's nostalgic appeal lies in its evocative Oliver Smith backdrops of little old New York, part lies in its hissable boss-villain (David Burns), whom Dolly finds kissable. Most of it lies in the skirt-wishing charm of Carol Channing as Dolly.

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Playwright Neil Simon's deft quips punctuate this early-marital farce with humor to spare for a zany subplot involving a mother-in-law and a Continental charmer (he thinks).

Off Broadway

DUTCHMAN. by LeRoi Jones. In a New York subway car, a white girl who is a twitchy, neurotic bundle of well-informed clichés and sterile sexual aggressions, lures, taunts, degrades and destroys a Negro in a Brooks Brothers shirt, but not before he tells her, with profane and explicit brutality, how much Negroes hate whites.

THE BLOOD KNOT. Two half brothers, one light and one dark, act out in miniature the torment of being a racial outcast in present-day South Africa. Playwright Atholl Fugard writes with a tenderness, poignance and understanding that crosses all color lines.

THE TROJAN WOMEN. winner of a special citation from the New York Drama Critics' Circle, is a powerful, tormenting image of humans bearing the unbearable.

RECORDS

Opera

I PURITANI (3 LPs; London) is the last and loveliest of Bellini's operas, a story about the Roundheads and the Stuarts in the days of Cromwell incongruously drenched in Italian melody and sunlit harmony. Only singers skilled in *bel canto*, such as Joan Sutherland and Maria Callas, dare try it. In the new recording, Sutherland is the demented Elvira, and when she sings *Fien, dilèto* in a deluge of perfectly matched and sparkling runs and trills, she embellishes even the embellishments. Maria Callas (on Angel's earlier version of *I Puritani*) has no such quicksilver in her voice, but in many poetic passages, exquisitely shaded and phrased, she is the better proof of Bellini's proposition: "The object of opera should be to weep in song."

GREAT SOPRANOS OF OUR TIME (Angel). Sutherland and Callas again, and out to draw blood. Callas plays Verdi's Lady Macbeth, chilling in the sleepwalking scene, and Sutherland is Donna Anna, crying vengeance on Don Giovanni at the top of her voice. The other reigning sopranos in this international exposition are Sweden's Birgit Nilsson singing Beethoven, France's Régine Crespin singing Wagner, Germany's Elisabeth Schwarzkopf singing Mozart, and Spain's Victoria de los Angeles singing Verdi and Gounod.

JUSSU BUERLING sings operatic duets with Robert Merrill and scenes (from *Il Trovatore*, *Rigoletto*) with Zinka Milanov and

* All times E.D.T.



Some tires cost less than Amoco 120s (and you pay for it).



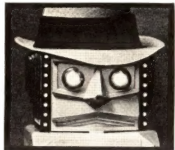
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others (RCA Victor). Like Caruso, whose popularity he nearly attained, the Swedish tenor died before 50, but unlike Caruso he was able to leave a treasury of well-engineered recordings of Italian opera. These excerpts date from 1950 to 1956, and show his voice getting slightly heavier and darker while retaining its refinement and radiance.

THE CRUCIBLE (2 LPs; Composers Recordings Inc.). Based on Arthur Miller's play exposing some of the all too human motives behind the Puritan witch hunts, this 1962 Pulitzer prizewinner is the most successful to date of the operas subsidized by the Ford Foundation. Robert Ward's music is conservative by Schoenbergian standards, but dramatic, with syncopated, dissonant hymns and minor-keyed, folk-like tunes suggesting the poisoned New England atmosphere. Most of the New York City Opera singers who premiered the work record it here with fine *esprit de corps*, led by Conductor Emerson Buckley.

BORIS GODUNOV (Angel). Highlights from Moussorgsky's masterpiece sung by the black-voiced Bulgarian basso, Boris Christoff. His characterization of Godunov is justly renowned. "Always I die new deaths. Always I change," says Christoff. Here he dies a brooding, pitiful sinner, and in the Clock Scene, the terror of his guilt creeps into his voice as quietly as a spreading stain.

CINEMA

THE ORGANIZER. Director Mario (Big Deal on Madonna Street) Monicelli's vivid, moving, timeless beautiful portrait of 19th century Italy comes into sharp focus on Marcello Mastroianni, demonstrating his remarkable versatility as a socialist Savonarola who leads Turin textile workers in a strike that fails.

FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE. Istanbul provides an exotic backdrop for the haremscare-em adventures of James Bond, alias 007, alias Sean Connery. A sly spoof of Ian Fleming's fiction.

THE GRAND OLYMPICS. Made in Italy, this color sportacular dazzlingly synthesizes the glory that was Rome's during the summer Olympiad of 1960.

THE NIGHT WATCH. This perceptive French thriller follows five jailbirds along an underground escape route and uncovers a bitter tale of dishonor among men.

BECKET. Richard Burton is England's 12th century Archbishop of Canterbury, Peter O'Toole is King Henry II—both bring grandeur to a stunning, cerebral spectacle based on the drama by Jean Anouilh.

THE SERVANT. As a conniving "gentleman's gentleman" who masters his meter, Dirk Bogarde puts a fine polish on Director Joseph Losey's study of class distinction in Britain.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT spins hilariously when Concert Pianist Peter Sellers finds his private life ruined by rambunctious Teen-Agers Tippy Walker and Merrie Spathe.

DR. STRANGELOVE, OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB. Stanley Kubrick's black comedy about nuclear war features fine performances by Sterling Hayden, George C. Scott and the ubiquitous Peter Sellers.

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW. Disporting themselves *con hris*, Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni make memorable fun of three zesty folk tales directed by Vittorio De Sica.

THE SILENCE. A litany on selfishness, loneliness and death, starkly told and aus-

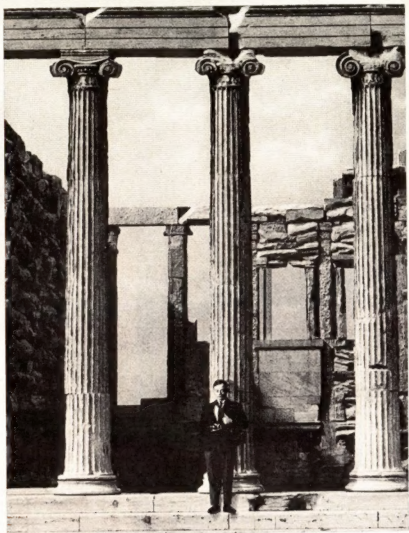
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TOM JONES. Lusty lads pursue busty maids through "Best" Director Tony Richardson's wonderfully wicked assault on Fielding's 18th century classic. Winner of four 1963 Oscars.

BOOKS

Best Reading

CRISIS IN BLACK AND WHITE, by Charles E. Silberman. The author believes that the best, in fact the only, way to achieve equality and integration is by massive, militant drives in housing, schools and jobs. A thoughtful study of the Negro revolution at a crucial stage.

KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH, by Philip Magnus. It was "Prince Bertie's" misfortune that he had to wait 40 years of his adult life before he could take over from his mother, Queen Victoria, but he filled the years by becoming monarch of his own kingdom of society's scandal and fashion.

A MOVEABLE FEAST, by Ernest Hemingway. Toward the end of his life, the novelist wrote these memoirs of the '20's in Paris when he was young and poor. The result is a poetic word picture of Paris, a loving one of his first wife, and waspish anecdotes of Joyce, Ford Madox Ford, and especially the Fitzgeralds, who are treated unkindly.

PEDRO MARTINEZ, by Oscar Lewis. With his tape recorder spinning, the author of *The Children of Sanchez* gets down the biography of another Mexican: a peasant farmer who engaged in one ill-fated political reform after another.

THE SPIRE, by William Golding. In this medieval parable, an obsessed canon orders a huge stone spire to be built atop his fragile cathedral, only to realize at last that his monument was not to God's glory but his own.

EPISODE—REPORT ON THE ACCIDENT INSIDE MY SKULL, by Eric Hodgins. The author of *Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* recounts his partial recovery from a "cerebrovascular accident" (in layman's terms, a stroke). His wit and skill with words are totally unimpaired.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Spy Who Came in from the Cold, Le Carré (1 last week)
2. Convention, Knebel and Bailey (3)
3. The Group, McCarthy (2)
4. The Night in Lisbon, Remarque (6)
5. The Wapshot Scandal, Cheever (5)
6. Von Ryan's Express, Westheimer (4)
7. The Spire, Golding (10)
8. The Deputy, Hochhuth (7)
9. The Martyred, Kim (9)
10. The Venetian Affair, MacInnes (8)

NONFICTION

1. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (1)
2. A Day in the Life of President Kennedy, Bishop (2)
3. Diplomat Among Warriors, Murphy (3)
4. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (6)
5. The Naked Society, Packard (4)
6. The Green Felt Jungle, Reid and Demaris (5)
7. Profiles in Courage, Kennedy (7)
8. My Years with General Motors, Sloan (8)
9. In His Own Write, Lennon
10. Beat the Dealer, Thorp



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If you think a Volkswagen Station Wagon is just a funny-looking car maybe you never saw one fit in a space that regular wagons have to pass by

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like the Christmas someone drove one to their mother's with six people and

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you couldn't ask for more and an air-cooled engine

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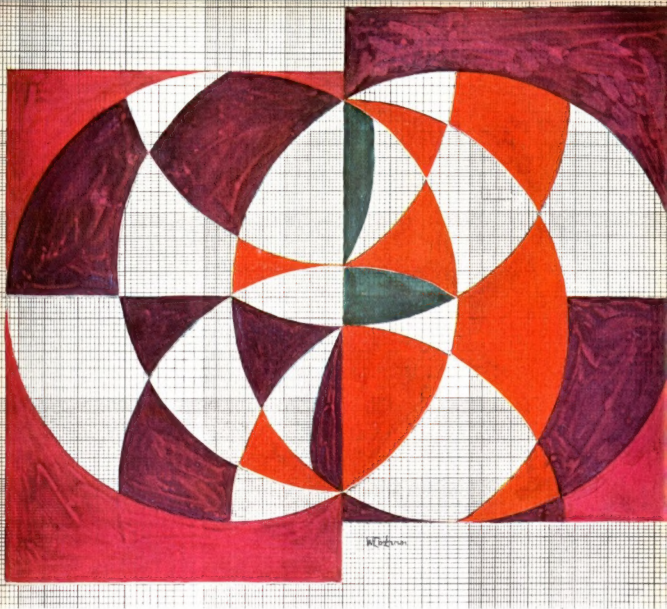
and when you stop at a gas station, \$3 fills it up and you don't have to worry about gas for maybe 3 weeks and

take kids for instance "Are we going in the Volkswagen bus?" and they say "Yay!" and clap their hands and if it's a glorious day you can slide the sunroof back and let a little of the glory

in and

all of a sudden, it stops looking funny.





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into the future of the rest of the world.

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LETTERS

Duels in the West

Sir: Everyone seems surprised that Rockefeller won in Oregon [May 22]. But the Lodge workers could not even pronounce the name of the state! Rocky and his campaigners cared enough to say "Oregon" correctly, not "Oregon."

KAY SPIESS

Hollywood

Sir: Oregonians were obviously misled by the meaning of Rockefeller's slogan, "He Cared Enough to Come." It was not Oregon he cared about, but his all-consuming desire to be President. This desire has left New York without a Governor for months at a time. Many Republicans will never forgive him and the so-called Eastern bloc for their smear campaign against Senator Goldwater.

CARROLL P. GRIFFITH JR.

New York City

Sir: Some say that Goldwater should be given the nomination if only to prove to the party—and for all—that super-conservatives can't win. But what a risk! In view of Johnson's wild self-confidence in his personal survival rate in fast cars and in crowds of potential assassins, I'll vote for a real presidential alternative in our California primary: Rockefeller.

TOM WALKER

Los Angeles

Sir: We saw a display of Senator Goldwater's famous temper in Kansas City recently. The offenders were not "fresh jerks," but serious Americans seeking to meet the man of so much supposed presidential timber. How can we trust him with the hot line when something might come up on one of his day jobs?

DONALD A. JOHNSON

Shawnee Mission, Kans.

Sir: If Goldwater becomes President, a courageous, upright patriot will assume the office. No one can guarantee there will be no war, but with Goldwater we can be sure there will be no surrender.

MARVIN E. ROE

Ellsworth, Iowa

Sir: I think you should know that our total Oregon expenditure for Lodge was \$52,975.63. It should also be realized that the unpaid balance tax of May 18, 1964 is \$7,000, as contrasted to a \$23,000 deficit in New Hampshire. Considering the fact that Ambassador Lodge ran second in Oregon against a very active candidate, Rockefeller, who had tremendous finan-

cial support (a probable \$350,000), I do not think Ambassador Lodge did poorly. It is our opinion that a very good man won the Oregon primary.

ALAN GREEN JR.

State Finance Chairman
Oregon Draft Lodge Committee
Portland, Ore.

Sir: So Oregon Cave Men and Woodpeckers [May 8] don't carry too many votes, eh?

DONN KUMMER

Albany, Ore.

Trying To Be Meaningful

Sir: Your statement that Governor Connally faces no meaningful Republican opposition [May 15] is in error.

JACK CRICHTON
Republican Candidate for
Governor of Texas

Dallas

Massachusetts Morality

Sir: Instead of the Indian that appears on our Massachusetts state seal, it would be more appropriate to have a state official with his amply greased hand outstretched. The title of your article, "Corruption Is 'Commonplace'" [May 15], would be a good substitute for our state motto. Nothing is more fitting.

CHARLES M. LAPIENE

Springfield, Mass.

Sir: It is very apparent that the state politicians of Massachusetts are very sincere and honest in their efforts to serve the commonwealth—first, before they go to jail; second, while in jail; and third, after they get out of jail.

MARK J. MOORE

Boston

Sir: I do not suggest that we go so far as the Romans did when they stabbed Caesar, or as far as the English when they beheaded Charles I, or the French when they stormed the Bastille, or the Russians when they assassinated their czars. But I am sure that our ancestors who dressed themselves as Indians and threw the contents of British ships into Boston Harbor must be looking down upon us with scorn.

ALEXANDER N. MACLEOD III

Boston

Old Folks There Are Not Forgotten

Sir: I believe TIME clipped Lady Bird's feathers unduly. Though I'm a young 34 and live somewhat outside the pockets of poverty, I'd gladly change places with

the Charles Cutlers at a rent of \$5 per month [May 22]. I'd breed beagles on the acreage.

WILLIAM H. THOMPSON

New York City

Sir: You quoted Mrs. Cutler as saying: "But I do wish Mrs. Johnson would fix the roof. The old house leaks bad." Behind this statement lurks the key to poverty and social squallor in the U.S. among both white and Negro groups. The Cutlers had, after rent, \$145 per month clear in welfare funds. Why the hell didn't they fix it themselves?

JOE LA ROCCA

North East, Pa.

The People Called Methodists

Sir: A simple word of appreciation for the sensitive and piquant article in TIME dealing with the people called Methodists [May 8].

LI OYD C. WICKER
Bishop, New York Area

The Methodist Church

New York City

Capital Game

Sir: There is a new game going around Washington. The way you play is to take 100 people and choose up sides. One side tries to win by voting. The opposition tries to stop the vote, and the best way they can do this is to filibuster. It's quite a game; it's called Stop the World I Want 20 Million People To Get Off.

JOHN C. FRIBBLE

Arlington, Va.

Helpful Discrimination

Sir: Aloha and thank you for "Legacy of a Princess" [May 22]. It concludes with the thought that our native Kanehameha Schools run against civil rights principles because only Hawaiian and part-Hawaiian children attend. Is this idea really so appalling? Our native Hawaiian people have welcomed with aloha all races and nations to our islands. But the cost to us has been heavy. From an original population of 500,000 in 1778, our people have only 114,000 left. The tragic marks of our present suffering are to be seen in the sad statistics of our social welfare and public health agencies, our prisons and reformatories. We lead all the races in these categories, but trail all others with the lowest median income in the islands we once owned. Our princess left her estates to redeem her people. I cannot believe that our beloved nation would intentionally deprive a materially and culturally weakened native people of the last remaining instruments of their redemption.

(THE REV.) ABRAHAM K. AKAKA
Honolulu

Local Heroes

Sir: In a small Seattle coffee shop, I tried to break up a fight between two men in close quarters which threatened the safety of many women. Aside from one of the guy's friends, nobody else helped—it was too exciting, you see (and I think this is real reason). Even the waitress in charge of the place soundly berated me for "interfering" and for asking a cab driver to call the police. If they had been outside in an alley by themselves, I'd have just watched too.

VICTOR LYGDOMAN JR.

Seattle

Bing's Musical Chair

Sir: Lady Bird Johnson's fall at the Metropolitan Opera [May 15] reminds me of

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M. Fillmore Harty, Jr., industrial designer, Michigan



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an account of Queen Victoria's visit to Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie in Paris in 1855. According to the Historian Raymond Mortimer: "At the opera the contrast was conspicuous between Victoria's figure and that of the willowy Empress. The Parisians noticed, however, that when they sat down after the national anthems, the parvenu Eugénie looked around to see that her chair was rightly placed, and the Queen did not bemoan royal, she knew that it would be." Mrs. Johnson did exactly the right thing. Shame on Mr. Bing!

New York City

Si! Bravo, bravo, bravo to Laurence Lowry for his sensational photographic essay, "A Mighty New Dam To Fame the Nile" (May 22). His uncanny eye has captured and distilled a moment when past, present and future collide. Seldom is so much said with such eloquence.

DONALD RAMSEY

Sir, TIME's photos of the Nine Valley and the Nubian monuments were awe-inspiring. It should be added as a footnote to our story that the \$35 million that President Kennedy had hoped the U.S. could contribute to the \$35 million needed to save the splendid temples of Abu Simbel was recently denied by Representative John Rooney and his House appropriations subcommittee. This project would not have cost the U.S. taxpayer one penny. The \$12 million was to have come from the many millions of dollars in American credit already in Egypt as counterpart funds that can be spent only in that country.

BARBARA SWITALSKI

Mrs. Murray's Atheism

St. Atheists have the unwelcome distinction of being the only group in America that is officially persecuted on religious grounds [May 15]. Until 1961, atheists could be barred from holding public office. The House version of the civil rights bill cynically authorized an employer to "refuse to hire and employ" an atheist. Even Presidents of the U.S. have found it politically expedient to imply a link between atheists and the enemies of our country. But during the last census, 70 million Americans declared no formal religious allegiance. If Madelyn Murray's actions are extreme, they are a reaction to the injustices that the atheist suffers.

DR. ALAN HERSHVEY

Washington, D.C.

Catholic citizens who use parochial schools, pay public school taxes, Jewish citizens accept the fact that their business will not proceed as usual on Christmas or Easter. Republicans abide by the orders of a Democratic executive (or vice versa), pacifists pay taxes to be used for military defense and nondrivers pay taxes to be used for highway construction. Each of us, I am sure, contributes to or accepts in some way some national policy with which he does not agree. Mrs. Murray must recognize this *sine qua non* of existence in a democratic society.

JAY ARNOLD

Kingston, N.Y.

Fast Reaction

Sir: Your story on the thought-provoking suggestion by Judge Burger that citizen review boards be set up to scrutinize cases

where police officers may illegally obtain evidence [May 15] was fair and objective. Speaking for the professional association of police executives, I can assure you that this will continue to receive our conscientious attention.

Incidentally, in line with your suggestion in a previous issue (May 8) that a simplified national telephone number be developed to obtain emergency police service more quickly, our communications committee will shortly undertake an exploration of the merits and feasibility of this very worthwhile thought.

QUINN TAMM

Executive Director

International Association of
Chiefs of Police, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Since the Supreme Court, after weeks of study, rules in a fact that a split-second decision made by a policeman while arresting a felon amounted to an unreasonable search and seizure, we the police, will have to accept the fact that the policeman's action was an "error." If, as you assert, the policeman was "ignorant of the doctrine [May 15]," then it would appear he has company among the minorities of the Supreme Court. For many years we have been trying to persuade the courts, the legislatures and the people that law-abiding citizens should have some rights. We are pleased to note that Justice Burger, along with other justices, likewise concerned about the constitutional rights of society as well as those of individuals.

R. S. STARES

Chief of Police

Arcadia, Calif.

Timeless Martyrdom?

sir. I must disagree with your statement that Shaw's play *Saint Joan* has "threadbare" ideas [May 22]. How could anyone sit through the trial scene and fail to realize that the Inquisition excommunicated her because she would not submit her conscience to its dictates? If that isn't an attempt at brainwashing, I don't know what is. And if brainwashing isn't relevant to the 20th century, what could be?

PATRICIA K. SANTELMAN

Bloomington, Minn.

Sir, In one short season in Minnesota, thirty-five professional actors are assured of work and experience. An excited community, 1,200 miles from the center of the theater world, is personally involved in the survival of the Minnesota Theatre Company. You can't lower our sights by implying that the productions offer nothing but the kind of easy laughs that a Midwest audience demands!

Mrs. CONNIE GOLDMAN

Minneapolis

Andrew L. Foster, 10010 14th Ave. #11M, S.F.L.P.O. Bldg.,
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Benjamin M. Amer

WRITER MARSHALL LOEH looked up from the stack of research prepared for him by Correspondent Bob Ball and Researcher Jean Pascoe, considered his deadline for this week's cover story and mused about time and TIME. What if he had one of those new pushbutton telephones? The buttons save five seconds a call compared with that old-fashioned dial. At the rate of, say, 24 seven-digit calls, he could save two minutes a day, ten minutes in a five-day week, and, allowing for four weeks' vacation, that would add up to an important eight hours a year!

Whether this bit of strategic calculation will ultimately get Loeb a pushbutton phone remains to be seen, but it is clear that he is not the first TIME writer to muse about what the telephone might do in the future.

"Use of automatic [dial] telephones increased 50% during 1925," reported TIME, March 15, 1926. "The automatic seems the only relief for telephone congestion in the great cities." And another writer joined the Bell men in peering a long way ahead in the May 18, 1931, issue.

Telephonic television is still the most satisfactory means of transmitting the image. In the U.S. there is one telephone-television circuit in regular operation. One end of it is in the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.'s offices at No. 195 Broadway, the other in the Bell Telephone Laboratories. A.T. & T. is experimenting because it feels that sometime a practical use for television may crop up. Only uses conceived so far: for separated sweethearts, for identifying criminals, for the convenience of bank depositors who want to cash checks away from home.²⁰

Some people may argue that no practical use for television ever cropped up, but these bits of history emphasize how fast and how much communications have advanced. The space was fast enough when *TIME*, Feb. 23, 1959, reported in a cover story on the great strides being made



THE TELEPHONE MAN, FEB. 23, 1950

by "The Telephone Man," but it is even faster now. Looking to the near future, Artist Robert Vickrey chose for the cover background a section of the new "Trimline" phone that has dialing, listening and speaking elements all in one piece, a wiring pattern in an A.T. & T. experimental office, part of a dialer card for the new automatic dialing phone and the soon-to-be-familiar pushbuttons.

The cover story, edited by Edward L. Jamieson (who, incidentally, wrote the 1959 cover story), deals of course with where the world's biggest company came from and where it is, but, perhaps most important, with what might be ahead. Assessing what new developments of the present mean in terms of the future—becoming a more and more important part of the journalist's task as the pace of change increases. Whether it is a story like *Modern Living's* report on how new communities are being developed around the family airplane, or *Medicine's* story of how a dramatic new use of the plastic bag will help save lives, or where Chairman Frederick Kappel is leading the world's biggest company—*TIME* aims to keep looking ahead of change.

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T.M.
THE SIGN OF TOMORROW...TODAY

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

May 29, 1964

Vol. 83, No. 22

THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Unpleasant Options

All of a sudden Southeast Asia—the whole area, not just Viet Nam—was back at the top of everybody's crisis list.

In Laos, Communist Pathet Lao troops had driven U.S.-endorsed neutralist forces off the strategic Plain of Jars and threatened to carry clear to the Thai border. In Cambodia, while Prince Sihanouk was howling about U.S. and South Vietnamese border violations, Communist Viet Cong guerrillas were enjoying sanctuary and transit rights to facilitate their war against the U.S.-backed government in Saigon. And in South Viet Nam, in the war into which the U.S. has poured both blood and billions, the struggle against the Reds was steadily deteriorating.

The Words. Only a few weeks ago, Southeast Asia evoked only bland smiles from most U.S. officials. Reason: President Johnson, for understandable political reasons, had decided to continue old policies, to let things slide—without a crash landing—until after November. Things slid, all right—almost to the bottom of the slide.

Realization of this fact brought some tough, sometimes eloquent, talk from the U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk last week warned that the U.S. intends to stand fast and that the conflict in Laos and South Viet Nam might expand, "if the Communists persist in their course of aggression." With



particular emphasis, he added: "This is the signal which must be read with the greatest care in other capitals, and especially in Hanoi and Peking." He also called in Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin and sternly admonished him to give his boss the same message.

Similarly, United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, summoned home from a trip to Europe, warned the Security Council that the U.S. would remain in South Viet Nam as long as North Viet Nam, "with comradely assistance from the regime in Peking," continues to wage war there. "The U.S.," said Adlai, "cannot stand by while Southeast Asia is overrun by armed aggressors. If anyone has the illusion that my government will abandon the people of Viet Nam, or that we shall weary of the burden of support that we are rendering these people, it will be only due to ignorance of the strength and conviction of the American people."

But for all their forcefulness, neither Rusk nor Stevenson did much more than reiterate what U.S. policy has been all along—and there was mounting doubt about the efficacy of that policy. "We are rethinking the whole mess," said a State Department official.

The Crux. One alternative, already suggested by such people as France's Charles de Gaulle, is to neutralize all of Southeast Asia. But U.S. officials would have to do an awful lot of rethinking before they bought that one, for Laos is proof positive of just how badly neutralization can flop. Another possi-

bility is to expand the war to North Viet Nam with bombing raids and guerrilla attacks. That, too, has its pitfalls, for the upshot could be massive Red Chinese intervention, and another Korea. Still a third option is to keep muddling, as the U.S. has been doing. But that policy has so far failed, and there is no prospect that it will suddenly start paying off.

The crux of the matter is Viet Nam, and U.S. policymakers see precious few glimmers of hope that the situation there will improve. Perhaps the grimmest fact, from the U.S. point of view, is this: Whatever the shortcomings of Ngo Dinh Diem's regime, his ouster and murder have not accomplished the reforms they were supposed to. South Viet Nam's present leader, General Khanh, is trying hard enough to take hold, and in fact, Washington fears that if he were eliminated by a coup or a killer, there would be nobody left to maintain even the semblance of an anti-Communist government. But Washington is beginning to realize that most of the complaints made against Diem can be made against Khanh: he has not rallied the people, he is out of touch with the countryside, he is a poor administrator, his finances are chaotic—and lately, the same old crowd that hounded Diem has even accused Buddhist Khanh of being beastly to Buddhists.

That leaves Lyndon Johnson with some mighty unpleasant options to choose from—particularly in an election year.



"IT CAME AS I WAS CONDUCTING A TOUR OF THE ROSE GARDENS!"



"PLAIN OF JARS!"

THE PRESIDENCY

The American Civilization

It is not often that a U.S. President has tried to articulate the meaning and the goals of an American civilization that is distinct from its European roots and is more than a mere piece in the mosaic of world order. That, however, is what President Johnson accomplished last week. In a speech before 80,000 at the University of Michigan stadium at Ann Arbor—where he was given an honorary Doctor of Civil Law degree—the President eloquently invited his fellow citizens to join in the pursuit of a "Great Society" uniquely American both in spirit and promise. Excerpts:

"For a century we labored to settle and subdue a continent. For half a century we called upon unbounded invention and untiring industry to create an order of plenty for all our people. The challenge of the next half-century is whether we have the wisdom to use that wealth to enrich and elevate our national life—and to advance the quality of American civilization.

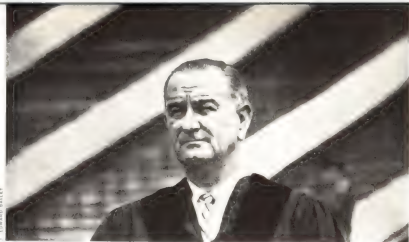
"Your imagination, your initiative, your indignation will determine whether we build a society where progress is the servant of our needs, or a society where old values and new visions are buried under unbridled growth. For in your time, we have the opportunity to move not only toward the rich society and the powerful society but upward to the Great Society.

"The Great Society rests on abundance and liberty for all. It demands an end to poverty and racial injustice—to which we are totally committed in our time. But that is just the beginning."

Quality, Not Quantity. "The Great Society is a place where every child can find knowledge to enrich his mind and enlarge his talents. It is a place where leisure is a welcome chance to build and reflect, not a feared cause of boredom and restlessness. It is a place where the city of man serves not only the needs of the body and the demands of commerce but the desire for beauty and the hunger for community. It is a place where man can renew contact with nature. It is a place which honors creation for its own sake and for what it adds to the understanding of the race. It is a place where men are more concerned with the quality of their goals than the quantity of their goods.

"But most of all, the Great Society is not a safe harbor, a resting place, a final objective, a finished work. It is a challenge constantly renewed, beckoning us toward a destiny where the meaning of our lives matches the marvelous products of our labor.

"In the next 40 years we must rebuild the entire urban United States. It is harder and harder to live the good life in American cities. There is the decay of the centers and the despoiling of the suburbs. There is not enough housing for our people or transportation for our



PRESIDENT JOHNSON AT ANN ARBOR
A challenge upward to the Great Society.

traffic. Open land is vanishing and old landmarks are violated. Worst of all, expansion is eroding the precious and time-honored values of community with neighbors and communion with nature. Our society will never be great until our cities are great.

"A second place is our countryside. We have always prided ourselves on being not only America the strong and America the free but America the beautiful. Today that beauty is in danger. The water we drink, the food we eat, the very air we breathe are threatened with pollution. Our parks are overcrowded and our seashore overburdened. Green fields and dense forests are disappearing. A few years ago we were concerned about the Ugly American; today we must act to prevent an Ugly America. For once our natural splendor is destroyed, it can never be recaptured. Once man can no longer walk with beauty or wonder at nature, his spirit will wither and his sustenance be gone."

In the Classrooms. "A third place is in the classrooms. Our society will not be great until every young mind is set free to scan the farthest reaches of thought and imagination. In many places classrooms are overcrowded and curricula are outdated. Most of our qualified teachers are underpaid, and many of our paid teachers are unqualified. We must give every child a place to sit and a teacher to learn from. Poverty must not be a bar to learning, and learning must offer an escape from poverty.

"Those who came to this land sought to build more than a new country. They sought a new world. I have come here to your campus to say that you can make their vision our reality. Let us from this moment begin our work so that in the future men will look back and say: 'It was then, after a long and weary way, that man turned the exploits of his genius to the enrichment of his life.'"

* The President perpetuated a popular misconception. The hero of the 1958 novel is physically ugly but is the only "good" American among a host of inept blunderers working abroad for the Government.

The New Team

A whirlwind President may be fine, but who provides the whirls that create the wind? At the present time their names are Moyers, Valenti, Jenkins and Reedy. Three of them are from Texas, and all have known and served Lyndon Johnson for a number of years—and right now they are very busy.

► Bill Moyers, 29, a scholarly journalism graduate whom Johnson calls "my Baptist preacher" (he was never a preacher but was ordained to teach in Baptist schools), has become the intellectual commander of the Johnson troops. He assigns the speeches, writes some himself, checks them for tone and accuracy. He plans Johnson's trips, such as his recent poverty tours, sends out advance men, coordinates it all with the President's desires.

► Jack Valenti, 42, an energetic former Houston adman, serves the personal side of the President, arranges his appointments, works out his daily schedule, frets about his public image, dogs Johnson wherever he goes. Valenti, says Johnson, "is the only man who knows everything that goes on in the White House."

► Walter Jenkins, 46, a soft-spoken fellow from Jolly, Texas, has known Johnson longer than any of the others and has been a Johnson aide since 1939. He manages the presidential office, handles Johnson's nonofficial affairs, often serves as his personal spokesman in the back corridors of Capitol Hill.

► George Reedy, 46, takes his position as press secretary so seriously that he has slimmed from some 265 lbs. to nearly 200 in recent months. A Johnson intimate for 13 years, he was the aide about whom newsmen had the most doubts. But he has emerged as a capable performer who can provide in-depth briefings. He was particularly effective during the complex railroad labor-management negotiations.

Below the top four, whose relationship to Johnson is particularly close, the most influential member of the staff is former Kennedy Aide McGeorge

Bundy, a specialist in foreign affairs and national security. Bundy almost quit after Kennedy's death, is less of a freewheeler than he was under Kennedy, but now seems completely comfortable with L.B.J.

So far, two topflight speech writers have emerged in the Johnson stable: Kennedy's former Latin American specialist, Richard Goodwin, 32, and Horace Bushy, 40, a University of Texas graduate and longtime Johnson friend. Goodwin cranks out major texts in far less time than Kennedy's Ted Sorensen did, and Johnson insists that he does it with just as much style. Bushy is a quiet, discreet intellectual. Warns one experienced Washington hand: "Watch Buz. He's a comer."

Riding Herd. Two recent additions to Johnson's staff also are being eyed closely by the others, since their roles are not yet clear. Douglass Cater, 40, former national affairs editor of *The Reporter* magazine, is expected to provide long-range thinking on foreign policy, will work with Bundy—although by no means at Bundy's request. Princeton History Professor Eric Goldman, 48, although not a fulltime aide, is an idea man who is supposed to draw upon the nation's intellectual talents.

As his own personal secretary, Johnson has brought in Mrs. Juanita Roberts, an attractive and efficient former WAC, who is still a lieutenant colonel in the Army Reserve.

The Johnson team regards the President with a mixture of awe, terror and intense devotion. L.B.J. rides herd on them and needs their loyalty. As such, the operation is very different from the way it was under Kennedy, but so far it has worked with fabulous results.

POLITICS

The Myth America Contest

Every political year gives rise to political myths, and 1964 is no exception. Of the two most prevalent so far, one works against Barry Goldwater, the other for him.

Myth No. 1 is that "Goldwater's nomination would set the Republican Party back 20 years."

The New York Times, which fervently believes this one, gave Barry a break of sorts last week when it cut the period by which Goldwater's nomination would set the party back to a mere decade. The notion behind the myth is that although Goldwater would almost certainly lose to Lyndon Johnson, he would remain the party's national leader, and his fervent followers, who believe their brand of Republicanism is the only kind, would take over the G.O.P. machinery for years to come.

Recent history points to the flaw in the theory. As it happens, lovers have an awfully hard time controlling anything thereafter. Alf Landon certainly didn't control the Republican Party after 1936. Neither did Wendell Willkie after 1940, or Dick Nixon after 1960. Tom Dewey did maintain his control between 1944 and 1948, but he did it with the help of a superb political machine. Goldwater has no such machine, and the chances that he could control the G.O.P. after defeat seem negligible.

Myth No. 2 holds that "Goldwater should be nominated so as to provide, once and for all, a clear-cut choice between a conservative and a liberal."

Perhaps the voters should be given that choice some day. But Goldwater v. Lyndon Johnson certainly won't do

it. Goldwater is the beneficiary of whatever conservative trend has been running in the country, but he is far from being an articulate spokesman of a well-reasoned conservative philosophy, and the practicalities of the campaign have forced him constantly toward the middle. At the same time, who says Lyndon Johnson is a liberal? Certainly not the U.S. businessmen who so enthuse over his performance as President. And not the traditional labor and ethnic liberals, who are suspicious of him but have nowhere else to go at the moment. Of course, Lyndon owes his present position to the very fact that he was picked to be the Democratic vice-presidential nominee in 1960 as a nonliberal counterbalance to Jack Kennedy.

Still, it is all but certain that thousands of Americans this year will let their opinions and their votes be shaped by one or another of these myths.

From Behind in the Stretch

Remember Silky Sullivan? A big, chestnut, three-year-old colt in 1958, he had a breathtaking way of staying 25 or 30 lengths behind and then, in the stretch, thundering up on the leaders while thousands roared. "Here comes Silky Sullivan." He didn't always make it, of course, but that made little difference in California, where they love a come-from-behind stretch runner.

That's the way it is coming into the stretch for California's June 2 Republican presidential primary. In their two-man race, Arizona's Barry Goldwater still seems ahead, but New York's Nelson Rockefeller, like Silky Sullivan, is roaring up on the outside.

Added to the Agenda. Fresh from his Oregon upset, Rocky was running as though there were no tomorrow. His chartered bus rolled over California freeways at speeds of 65 to 75 m.p.h., taking him from speech to luncheon to reception. His crowds were large and enthusiastic; he could have yelled "Fresh fish!" and received cheers. About 7,000 people lined up for three blocks outside a reception at the Disneyland Hotel to wait their turn for a quick Rockefeller handshake. At a senior citizens' center in Stockton, he charmed the oldsters when he stirred his coffee with the stems of his spectacles, danced with half a dozen of the women. His schedule grew by the hour as he insisted on adding to his already overcrowded itinerary. One day's schedule, for example, listed six stops when it was issued early in the morning; within a few hours it had been revised to 18.

Wherever he went, Rocky attacked the Johnson Administration's confusing array of "120 foreign policies," and called for "hot pursuit" of Viet Cong guerrillas into North Viet Nam and Laos. But it was another message that Rocky really wanted to get across: "Like Abraham Lincoln and Dwight Eisenhower," he said time and again, he represented "the mainstream of Ameri-



GOODWIN



REEDY



MOYERS



CATER



VALENTI



JENKINS

Ability mixed with awe, terror and intense devotion.



ROCKEFELLER IN SAN FRANCISCO
Out in the mainstream.

can thought"—while Barry was way off to the right.

Kidding Themselves. For his part, Goldwater left California early last week. On his way to Washington he stopped off at tiny Fredonia, Ariz. (pop. 643), which he calls his "lucky town" and where he has spoken every year since 1950. To Rocky's charge that he stands apart from the American "mainstream," Barry snorted: "I'm up to my neck in it." Goldwater himself still appears confident, but his followers are increasingly worried. Says his campaign coordinator, Denison Kitchel: "We've got a real battle on our hands. We're kidding ourselves if we think we don't." To help out, the Goldwater forces enlisted the aid of 23 U.S. Congressmen from 18 states to barnstorm California on Barry's behalf this week. And under urging, Goldwater reluctantly announced that he would spend all this week in the state, instead of the three days he originally had planned.

Heavy Spending. For his come-from-behind effort against Goldwater, Rocky has the benefit of a well-paid reasonably smooth-working, professional organization headed by Spencer-Roberts, a crack California public relations outfit. The Rockefeller people were planning to pour upwards of \$1,000,000 into the last days of the campaign for radio and television time, direct mailing and the like. Rockefeller also is sending scores of workers into Negro areas from San Francisco to Los Angeles in an attempt to get out the presumably anti-Goldwater Negro vote.

Goldwater, too, is spending up to \$1,000,000 in the closing days of the campaign. But he has a couple of advantages over Rocky. For one thing, he is much better known in California. Since 1958, Goldwater backers point out, he has made at least 500 speeches there on his own behalf and for other Republican candidates. His organization is less professional than Rocky's, but

more zealous. In San Diego County, for example, 26 separate Goldwater volunteer headquarters are at work: Los Angeles County numbers no fewer than 42 headquarters. By election eve, Goldwater workers vow that they will have reached every registered Republican in the state with at least one mailing, a phone call and a visit from a Goldwater precinct worker.

On Rockefeller's side is the momentum he achieved in his Oregon primary win, plus the fact that supporters of Henry Cabot Lodge have come out for him. Lodge is popular in California, but just how many of his admirers will vote for Rocky remains open to question: Pollster Sam Lubell last week figured that about three out of five of them will follow the Lodge leaders' suggestion. As for the other pollsters, they seem to be in a tailspin. Just before Oregon, California's Field Poll gave Goldwater 33% to Rocky's 27%; Oregon surely narrowed that gap, and the Field Poll is now conducting a new survey. Poll-

ster Lou Harris, who underrated Rockefeller in Oregon by 6%, was not about to underrate him again. In a poll taken shortly before Oregon, Harris called it Goldwater 55% to Rockefeller's 45%; in a post-Oregon poll he did a massive flip-flop, called it Rockefeller 57% to Goldwater's 43%.

The Questions. In the final event, Rockefeller will probably run strong in northern California, especially in the well-heeled suburbs of the San Francisco Bay area. But southern California is Goldwater country, and the Rocky forces believe that to have a chance they must hold Barry to a 200,000 margin in Los Angeles County, San Diego County and Orange County.

Can they do it? Can Nelson Rockefeller come from far behind, like Silky Sullivan? Obviously, nobody really knows. But that's what makes horse races.

The Difficulty of Selling Soap

"As far as I'm concerned," says Pierre Salinger's campaign publicist, Christy Walsh Jr., "Pierre is a bar of soap, and we're going to sell him as effectively as we can." The only trouble is, that particular bar of soap doesn't seem to be selling very well these days. By general agreement, Salinger has fallen behind State Controller Alan Cranston in their race for California's Democratic nomination to the U.S. Senate. The latest Field Poll shows Cranston 33%, Salinger 27%, and Incumbent Clair Engle, whose name remains on the ballot despite his withdrawal, 17%.

On both domestic and foreign issues, Cranston and Salinger take exactly the same stands. Well, almost. Salinger has come out in favor of saving the trumpeter swan, while Cranston remains neutral on that one. In any event, their contest boils down to a major power struggle between Governor Pat Brown, who is backing Cranston, and State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh, who is for Salinger.

"Front Man." Brown is a whiz-bang campaigner with a wide personal following, and he has been working for Cranston as if his own political neck were at stake—as indeed it may be. "Big Daddy" Unruh, on the other hand, is an organization man who has about him the aura of the political boss. His work for Salinger has been behind the scenes; on the theory that his endorsement might hurt more than help, he has not come out publicly for Pierre.

This suits Cranston just fine, and he delights in calling Salinger a "front man" for Unruh. Replies Pierre lamely: "To my knowledge, Speaker Unruh is neutral." Retorts Cranston: "Unruh has never drawn a neutral breath in his life. He'd take violent sides in a Little League game if he thought he could own the winner."

"I Remember When . . ." So far, Cranston's tactics have worked well, and account for most of his apparent



GOLDWATER IN LOS ANGELES
Up to his neck.

lead over Salinger. But Pierre is still in there pitching. He bounces out of bed at dawn each day for a dozen or more appearances—about twice as many as Cranston. He draws bigger crowds than Cranston, but California politicians have long since learned that crowd size doesn't mean much in their state. Invariably, Salinger's campaign pitch includes recollections of the days of glory with Jack Kennedy, of his own meeting in Moscow with "Chairman Khrushchev," of how he and a few other New Frontier notables spent seven days and seven nights "looking down the nuclear barrel" at Castro. He insists that he knows more people in Washington than Cranston, and as a Senator could get past more doors. Replies Cranston: "It is one thing to get in the door. It is another thing to know what to do when you're inside."

More on That Non-Candidate

Pennsylvania's Governor William Scranton is the only Republican who has succeeded in convincing anyone that he really is a presidential non-candidate. Yet last week in Washington, he convinced a few more people that he surely should be in the running.

Before attending a State Department briefing on foreign affairs, Scranton appeared before a special House committee studying President Johnson's program to eradicate poverty in the Appalachian states. Scranton was all for the idea, but he thought that some severe flaws in the Johnson program ought to be corrected.

Patches of Misery. Said Scranton to the Congressmen: "Twenty-three hundred years ago, Plato described poverty as the 'parent of meanness and viciousness,' and he urged that society declare war on it. 'It would be strange indeed,' he wrote, in a state even 'tolerably ordered,' if the poverty-stricken were to be 'utterly neglected' or allowed to fall into 'utter destitution.' Long centuries later, our great nation still has what this year it has become fashionable to call pockets of poverty. Our society is shamed and weakened by their existence, whether they be patches of outright human misery or whether they be areas where prosperity is a fragile thing because there simply aren't enough jobs to go around."

So saying, Scranton detailed his objections to the bill. He argued for revisions permitting the states much greater power in planning and implementing the anti-poverty program, greater curbs on the role of federal authority, annual appropriations for funds to be made by the Congress instead of "back-door" financing, and more specific remedies to clear up the hazards of health and economy of Appalachia's coal regions.

When he finished, committee members nearly fell over themselves in praise. "Governor," said Tennessee's Democratic Congressman Clifford Da-

vis, the chairman, "this committee has never had a finer presentation. You have given me a weekend of homework." Pennsylvania Democrat Frank Clark said that Scranton was "the best witness we ever had." Minnesota Democrat John Blatnik congratulated him for his "obviously very thoughtful and carefully worked out" presentation. New Jersey Republican James Auchincloss confessed that he had been "thoroughly confused about the whole program" until Scranton came along and "cut away the cobwebs."

Praise & Hope. Illinois Democrat John Kluczynski was carried away too, and in heaping his thanks onto the pile, took note of Scranton's presidential situation. "I know you're doing a marvelous job as Governor of the Commonwealth



PENNSYLVANIA'S SCRANTON
More than Platonic.

of Pennsylvania," Kluczynski gushed, praising with a faint damn, "and I hope you continue to do so for the rest of your term."

Through the laughter, Bill Scranton—whose term as Governor expires in 1967—replied: "That's my hope also."

More About the Backlash

"Look at that! Look at that!" cried Alabama's Democratic Governor George Wallace. Eyes fixed on a TV set, fist beating on the arm of his chair, he was watching early returns from the Maryland presidential primary at his Towson, Md., campaign headquarters. The cause of Wallace's excitement was that, for the moment, he was leading Maryland's Democratic Senator Daniel Brewster, a stand-in for Lyndon Johnson. But as the votes piled up, Brewster pulled ahead, finally won 265,713 to 214,029.

Even so, Wallace had taken 42.7%

of the record primary vote, and he talked triumphantly. "They called me a bigot, a liar, a racist, an agitator, a trespasser," he said. "They pictured my supporters with Ku Klux hoods. They called in ten Senators to beat us down, and yet a majority of the white people in Maryland gave me their support. I'm elated. That's far more than I ever expected."

In a wistful voice, Wallace added: "Just leading awhile, why that's something. If it hadn't been for the nigger-bloc vote, we'd have won it all." As it was, Wallace threw an awful fright into Maryland and national Democratic leaders, who are really beginning to watch that so-called civil rights "backlash" in the North.

Counting the Votes. There were reasons besides the backlash for Wallace's near miss. For one thing, Brewster is closely identified with the unexciting administration of Democratic Governor Millard Tawes, which this year took a long step down the road from popularity by increasing the state income tax by a full one-third. For another, Brewster himself, a much-decorated World War II marine, is a wealthy, gentleman-jockey type and a political lightweight who at first took Wallace's challenge much too lightly, then panicked and began taking it much too seriously.

It was impossible to tell just how much of Wallace's vote derived from such factors. But at the same time, there was certainly a civil rights backlash, and the voting pattern throughout the state proved it.

Along Maryland's rural, racially troubled Eastern Shore, Wallace carried all nine counties with more than three-fourths of the vote. In Dorchester County (Cambridge), the scene of recent Negro riots, Wallace beat Brewster by better than four to one. He also carried two of Baltimore's six districts. In each, blue-collar workers fear Negro incursions in neighborhoods and jobs. The heavily Catholic First District, where Negroes have already moved in alongside Greeks, Italians and Poles, gave Wallace 11,000 votes to Brewster's 8,000. In the Sixth District, now the home of many transplanted Southerners who came to Baltimore to find jobs in its big industrial complex, Wallace outdrew Brewster 10,000 to 9,000. In all, Wallace carried 16 of Maryland's 23 counties.

Brewster ended up taking the state's three westernmost counties, where the Negro population is small and civil rights are no problem. He also scored heavily in the well-to-do bedroom suburbs that skirt Washington. But his winning margin came from Baltimore's Jewish and Negro areas. The city's Fifth District, home of 80% of Baltimore's 90,000 Jews, gave Brewster 39,000 votes, Wallace 9,000. The topsided results were much the same in black Baltimore. In 17 Negro precincts, Wal-

lace got not a single ballot. Eighty-seven Negro boxes gave the Alabamian fewer than six votes per precinct against a total of 18,765 for Brewster.

The Militancy Issue. Wallace had based his campaign for Maryland's 48 Democratic Convention delegates on a strong pitch against the civil rights bill now pending before the U.S. Senate. But there was evidence that his vote came less in protest against the bill, in and of itself, than against Negro militancy and excesses.

Thus in another race, Joseph D. Tydings, a stepson of Maryland's late Democratic Senator Millard E. Tydings and a liberal who was outspoken in his advocacy of the civil rights bill, won the Democratic senatorial nomination over State Comptroller Louis Goldstein, the choice of the Tawes organization, by a 123,000-vote margin. Democratic voters also renominated all five of their party's congressional incumbents—and all had voted for the civil rights bill. On the G.O.P. side, Senator J. Glenn Beall, who also supports the bill, easily won renomination over Challenger James Gleason, who doesn't.

THE CONGRESS

Close to Kingship

Not since the floor days of Lyndon Johnson and, for a brief while, the fitful reign of Oklahoma's late Democratic Senator Robert Kerr, has the U.S. Senate had anything close to a king. But now moving toward that position is a most unlikely person: Illinois' Everett McKinley Dirksen, 68, a politician of many ups and downs and backs and forths, whose only present power lever is that of leader of an overwhelming minority of 33 Republicans.

The first secret of Dirksen's success is the fact that the lopsided Senate Democratic majority is split every which way, while Old Ev can influence, if he cannot command, almost all his Republicans. Because of this, Dirksen can often provide the votes that a Democratic Administration needs for its programs—particularly when a two-thirds Senate majority is required, as on treaties or for cloture. And that is the second reason for Dirksen's success: when such Republican votes are needed, he is always willing to cooperate with the Administration—but never without the Democrats paying a certain political price.

A prime example came last year in President Kennedy's nuclear test ban treaty. When it was first proposed, Dirksen expressed "grave doubts" about it and its effect on the U.S.'s atomic strength. But the Administration, wanting as nearly unanimous approval as possible, needed all the Republican votes it could get. One fine day, Dirksen went to the White House for a chat with Kennedy. He argued that with a few "assurances" from the President, he could still his own doubts and those of most of the Republican holdouts. Kennedy eagerly agreed, the assurances

were given, Dirksen cooperated, and the treaty was ratified, without amendment, 80-19.

The Key That Opens the Lock. An even better case in point is this year's civil rights bill. Without a large number of Republican votes, the Democratic Party cannot even begin to hope to impose cloture and thereby shut off the filibuster by some of the Senate's most powerful and entrenched leaders. Dirksen is the key to those Republican votes. And he was willing to open the lock—on his own terms. He insisted on some 50 amendments (see box) in the civil rights bill already passed by the House.

For a while, the Johnson Administration insisted that it wanted its orig-



DIRKSEN & REPORTERS
Influence without command.

inal bill to go through the Senate completely intact, proposal by proposal, comma by comma, and would brook no change. But Old Ev knew better—no changes, he said, and there would not be enough Republican votes to pass the salt. The Administration, being eminently realistic, eventually gave in, and in a series of meetings between Dirksen, the Democratic Senate leadership, Attorney General Kennedy and Justice Department lawyers accepted almost all of Dirksen's ideas for changing the bill.

It was then up to Dirksen to sell the package to his fellow Republicans. Last week, in three conferences, he came very close to doing just that: it might take until the early part of June before a handful of still-doubtful Republicans decide that the segregationist Democrats have used up their hallowed right of "unlimited debate," but the time will surely come.

A Little Sermon. Beyond that, Dirksen at long last wore his own civil rights heart on his sleeve. Never before had

WHAT THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL WOULD DO

DOES anyone really know what the civil rights bill now proposes? It has been kicked around for an awfully long while. First sent to the Congress by President Kennedy last June, it was partly changed by the House of Representatives and sent on to the Senate in February. It has languished in the chamber of winds during the longest filibuster in history, still faces substantive amendment under a bipartisan agreement achieved by Republican Everett Dirksen. Civil rights groups, without being specific, claim that it is too weak. The bill's opponents, without being specific, insist that it is so strong as to ruin the framework of the Republic. Herewith, what the civil rights bill, including the Dirksen amendments, would do:

VOTING RIGHTS

The House-passed measure requires that within a given county the procedure under which residents seek the right to vote in a federal election must be uniform for all persons. No one could be disqualified for some irrelevant error or omission in his application papers. Any person who has completed six grades in an accredited school could be presumed literate. Where a literacy test is required, the applicant could demand a certified copy of the test and of the answers he gave. The bill would cover any election "held solely or in part" to elect or nominate a candidate for federal office.

PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS

The House bill bans discrimination in hotels, motels, inns, restaurants, caterers, lunch counters, soda fountains, theaters, concert halls, sports arenas and gas stations. It exempts private clubs and rooming houses with fewer than five rentable rooms in buildings occupied by the owner.

If a person were denied access to such a public place, his remedy would be to file a civil suit asking a federal court to order the proprietors to cease such discrimination. Also the Attorney General could file such a suit on behalf of the U.S. Where state or local laws ban such discrimination, the Attorney General would have to give state or local officials "reasonable time" to act before filing suit. The Attorney General could, if he wished, use the services of local agencies to seek a voluntary solution. But if he decided that any delay would "adversely affect the interests of the U.S." or that referral to state officials would "prove ineffective," he could so notify the court and proceed with the suit.

Dirksen would alter this procedure sharply. If there were a local public-accommodations law, an individual could not file a federal suit until 30 days after he had notified local officials of his complaint. The federal court could delay the suit until local officials completed their action. If there were no local law, he could file federal suit immediately. The court then would have the power to ask a newly created Community Relations Service to investigate and to seek voluntary compliance with the law for up to 180 days. These negotiations would be secret. If they failed, the suit would proceed.

Under the Dirksen amendments, the Attorney General could not institute such suits for individuals. He could ask the court, however, to permit him to "intervene" in such cases. If granted, that would mean that federal attorneys would help to argue the case. But if the Attorney General could demonstrate a community pattern of denying free access to public accommodations, he could file a federal suit, set forth his facts, seek a court order against specific proprietors whom he considered part of the pattern.

PUBLICLY OWNED

Any individual denied equal access to a publicly owned facility, such as a park, swimming pool, hospital or library—but not a school—could file a complaint with the Attorney General. If the Attorney General decreed the individual unable to afford his own suit or in fear of physical or economic harm, the Attorney General could institute a civil suit to force state or local officials to desegregate such a facility.

PUBLIC EDUCATION

The House bill would allow the U.S. Commissioner of Education to help local public-school officials draw up plans for desegregation, finance and plan training courses in colleges to instruct school officials and teachers in how to deal with desegregation problems. The commission could supply federal grants to school boards to train teachers and hire consultants on such problems. The Attorney General could institute a suit when tax-supported college students or parents of schoolchildren filed a complaint that they were being denied admission to a school or college because of race, religion or national origin.

Dirksen would amend this section so that it would not empower federal courts to order the transportation of pupils to correct a racial imbalance—as in "bussing."

CIVIL RIGHTS COMMISSION

The bill would extend the life of the Civil Rights Commission until February 1968. Both the House bill and Dirksen amendments would provide new protection for persons appearing

before the commission, and would require that commission proceedings in executive session could be made public only by vote of the commission.

FEDERAL ASSISTANCE

Each federal department or agency that provides financial assistance "to any program or activity" would be required to make rules, subject to presidential approval, banning discrimination in such programs. They would cut off such assistance if discrimination persisted. Before such action, however, voluntary compliance with the rules would have to be sought and the contemplated action reported to an appropriate committee of the House and Senate. A decision to curtail funds could be appealed in the courts.

A Dirksen amendment would specifically limit the curtailment of funds to those recipients of assistance actually found to be discriminating. For example, an entire state could not be shut out of all federal programs if only a particular city discriminated in a federal housing project.

EMPLOYMENT

The bill would make it illegal for any employer with more than 100 employees to discharge or refuse to hire any person because of race, religion, sex or national origin. Labor unions could not deny membership or apprentice training on such grounds. Neither could employment agencies refuse to refer applicants. Colleges run by religious organizations in which religion might be a valid employment requirement would be exempt.

The bill would create an Equal Employment Opportunity Commission that could assist local groups in eliminating job discrimination, make technical studies on the subject, offer conciliation service when requested by employers. Either an individual or a member of the commission could file a complaint of job discrimination, and the commission would investigate the charge and notify the persons or organizations against whom the charge was brought. If two of the five commissioners found that the charge was valid, and the efforts at getting voluntary compliance failed, the commission could file a federal civil suit. If the court found that an unlawful practice was committed, it could take whatever action it deemed appropriate, including requiring an employer to hire specific persons with back pay for the period in which the employment was denied.

Many of Dirksen's amendments apply to this section. He would extend coverage to federal employment and union hiring halls and exempt Indian reservations and cases involving national security. He would eliminate the commission's right to file suits. Instead, it would investigate and could recommend that the

Attorney General intervene in suits.

Under the Dirksen procedure, the commission would investigate a complaint in secret and, in those states or cities that have a Fair Employment Practices law, notify the local authorities, who would have 90 days to remedy the practice. If they failed, the commission would have 90 days to seek voluntary compliance. If that too failed—or there was no local law—it would notify the person who filed the claim, and that person could then file a federal civil suit. The court could, if it wished, delay the suit for another 90 days to let local officials or the federal commission try again to resolve the matter. The court could also authorize the Attorney General to intervene in the suit. But the Attorney General could not initiate a suit himself unless he could show that a pattern of job discrimination existed in the community. Dirksen would require the plaintiff to prove that the violation had been "intentional."

COMMUNITY RELATIONS SERVICE

The bill would create a Community Relations Service in the Commerce Department to assist communities and individuals in resolving problems of discrimination. The Service could offer its assistance whenever "peaceful relations among the citizens of the community involved are threatened." It would be required to seek the cooperation of local authorities and to keep its activities confidential.

ENFORCEMENT

The purpose of the bill is to provide citizens with a practical means of exercising their constitutional rights, and it would be enforceable only through civil suits in federal courts. The complainant would state his grievance and ask the court to issue an injunction, restraining or other order against those persons he contended were denying him his rights. In many cases, the court could assume the complainant's legal costs. No one could be jailed or fined under the act unless he violated such an order of a court. To expedite the suits, the bill would permit the Attorney General (and in some cases defendants) to request a three-judge panel to hear the arguments. Their decision then could be appealed by either side directly to the U.S. Supreme Court.

The House-passed bill retains the 1957 Civil Rights Act procedure, under which the judge determines whether the accused shall have a jury trial. If a jury trial were granted, a guilty verdict could result in a maximum jail term of six months and a \$1,000 fine. If the case were decided by a judge, without a jury, the maximum sentence would be 45 days and \$300. Under a Dirksen-Mansfield amendment, this jail term would be reduced to 30 days. Any contempt conviction could be appealed.

he talked about the moral basis for the bill. Now he did, calling in reporters for a news conference and delivering unto them a "little sermon." He said he was quoting the words Victor Hugo penned in his diary on the night he died: "Stronger than any army is an idea whose time has come." Said Dirksen: "Civil rights—here is an idea whose time has come. It is inescapable, and we've got to deal with it." Everything in his own perspective of the world. Dirksen continued, told him that a new role for the Negro in America was as obvious as the child labor law or women's suffrage had been in their time. Added he, gesturing toward the Senate chamber: "No one on that floor is going to stop this. It is going to happen." And with his help, it probably will.

PHILANTHROPY

Building a Library

Jackie was constantly on the phone. Rose Kennedy was in North Carolina, where, with Teddy, Evangelist Billy Graham and Governor Terry Sanford, she appeared at a fund-raising rally. The North Carolina "quota" for the \$10 million John F. Kennedy Memorial Library on the banks of Boston's sleepy Charles River had been set at \$200,000, and this rally alone produced pledges of more than that amount.

In-Law Steve Smith, the Kennedy family's political and financial troubleshooter in New York, was soliciting in Manhattan.

Senator Teddy Kennedy, after taking leave of North Carolina, flew to Paris to thank the French government for a \$100,000 donation, then began a ten-day tour of European cities. In Italy, he met with businessmen. In Germany, he would talk with members of a fund-raising committee in Munich, explain the project to students in Hamburg and labor leaders in Frankfurt. Then on to Brussels and Zurich. There was even a stop at the Vatican to explain to the Pope about the library.

The man overseeing the entire fund-raising effort is Attorney General Robert Kennedy, who was scheduled to appear this week at the Manhattan opening of an exhibit of J.F.K. memorabilia, including the late President's rocking chair, and to urge more contributions. Well in advance, he had told his staff that he would accept no radio or television engagements that did not have to do with the library.

To All Employees. In Washington, New Frontier chiefs were busy spreading the word. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, who had made a *faux pas* early in the Kennedy Administration when his name appeared on a Democratic fund-raising note to oil and

gas industry executives, now sent a memo to all "Heads of Bureaus and Offices" in his far-flung department. The solicitation was part of a "Government-wide campaign," said Udall, adding: "I am sure we are all eager to contribute our share toward this building in his honor. . . . As in other campaigns, your chairman should submit a weekly performance report in writing to N. O. Wood, director of management operations. Detailed instructions will be forthcoming."

Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach sent a memo to Justice Department employees: "A program has been organized for all of us who wish to contribute to do so. Special rosters



ROSE KENNEDY & GOVERNOR SANFORD

The quotas were coming in.

have been prepared for contributors to sign so that their participation can be made part of the library's archives. This effort is completely voluntary." Similar messages went out from Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges and Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman.

There is a fairly extensive history of presidential-library fund-raising efforts. Friends of Franklin D. Roosevelt got off a memo to Agriculture Department employees suggesting that they contribute to the Hyde Park Library, then did some fast backpedaling when the press caught wind of it. Harry Truman's campaigners solicited top businessmen, pointing out that all contributions were, of course, tax-deductible. Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. and Adlai Stevenson took to nationwide television to ask donations for Dwight Eisenhower's library in Abilene, Kans.

Those Who Give. But there has never been anything to compare with the Kennedy library movement. Under Bobby's

direction, committees have been set up in more than 40 states—chaired by such men as Governor John Reynolds in Wisconsin, Governor Philip Hoff in Vermont, former Governor Dennis Roberts in Rhode Island, and Continental Air Lines President Robert Six in California. Eugene Black, former president of the World Bank and chairman of the library's board of trustees, has sent a letter to every foreign embassy, from Afghanistan to Yemen, suggesting how their countries might contribute, if they are of a mind to do so.

A committee that includes Black, IBM Chairman Thomas Watson and former Defense Secretary Robert Lovett is in charge of soliciting from U.S. corporations. Among the field fund gatherers: Ford Motor Co. Chairman Henry Ford II., Standard Oil (New Jersey) Chairman M. J. Rathbone, and U.S. Steel Chairman Roger Blough.

Among individuals, contributions include \$209,000 from Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, \$250,000 from André Meyer, senior partner in Wall Street's brokerage firm of Lazard Frères, and amounts ranging down to loose change from 55,000 others. The A.F.I.-C.I.O. has pledged \$2,000,000. From abroad, gifts have come in from the governments of Venezuela (\$100,000), Liberia (\$25,000), and Puerto Rico (\$100,000). The list of business donors includes IBM (\$350,000), Continental Air Lines (\$100,000), and Fiat Motor Co. of Italy (\$50,000), and an additional \$50,000 from Fiat Vice President Giovanni Agnelli.

The plans for the Kennedy library have already gone far beyond the small, quiet, scholarly haven that Jack Kennedy envisioned in his lifetime. To that project, Harvard in 1963 granted two acres of its Charles River-bank property. Now there are plans to make the library an institution in the study of contemporary political science, with a big-name, not-necessarily-Harvard director. Some 200 tape-recorded interviews have been conducted with the great and the near great to create an "oral history" of the Kennedy years. So far, about the only holdout is former British Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, who explains that he is preparing his memoirs and hopes "to write about his relations with President Kennedy with more feeling than he could put into a recording."

Some Harvard officials are beginning to fret about the giant scale of the plans, but it may not be necessary. For there already is talk among the fund-raising enthusiasts about giving up the Harvard-donated site and purchasing a much bigger property.

Ford was also putting his shoulder to the wheel for Lyndon Johnson. In an interview with the Detroit Free Press, Ford said he would support Johnson in November over any Republican candidate, even though he has never before voted for a Democratic president. Said Ford of Johnson: "I think he's terrific."

* No diary of Hugo (1802-85) has been found; Dirksen quoted a popular version of Hugo's "On *réserve* à l'invasion des armées; on ne révoque pas à l'invasion des idées." from his *Histoire d'un Crime*.

* Behind them: Teddy Kennedy, Billy Graham.

THE WORLD

LAOS

Springtime on the Plain

For three years now, Laos has marked the advance of spring by nearly falling into the hands of the Communists. Last week was no exception. Heavy fighting suddenly erupted on the Plain of Jars, and, as usual, the Communist Pathet Lao severely punished the neutralist army commanded by plucky little General Kong Le. Once again, it seemed like the end of whatever remained of Laotian neutrality, supposedly guaranteed by the Geneva agreement, which in 1962 had been solemnly signed by 14 nations, including Soviet Russia. And, once again, the Laotian government of neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma seemed on the verge of toppling.

Actually, Souvanna's regime topples more often than it governs. It last fell last month when two rightist generals staged a bloodless coup in Vientiane. After considerable palaver and eager intercession by the U.S., Russian and British ambassadors, Souvanna agreed to resume his premiership, backed by the rightists and his own neutralist battalions. The men of the Communist Pathet Lao, who hold the central and northern portions of the country, remained outside the government and were nourished by lengthy truck convoys lurching down dusty Route 7 from the North Viet Nam frontier.

Slashed Necklaces. There, several rightist battalions, known as Mobile Group 13, moved into position on the steep hillsides above Route 7. They stalked convoys with land mines and raked the trucks with bazooka fire. The Communist Pathet Lao, who have controlled a large part of the Plain of Jars since last year, decided to fight their way through. Moving behind a

mortar barrage, the Pathet Lao swept through the mountain villages of the anti-Communist Meo tribesmen and closed in on the rightist roadblocks, driving before them hundreds of hapless Meo refugees. Meo men and women carry their wealth with them in the form of silver necklaces; as the Pathet Lao shot them down, soldiers would whip out knives and slash free the silver necklaces from the dead and dying Meos.

Neutralist General Kong Le launched a counterattack against the Pathet Lao but was unable to dislodge them from the hills above Mobile Group 13's escape route. With the help of several defecting neutralist battalions, the Reds smashed their way through Kong Le's headquarters at Muong Phanh, and turned to head for the Mekong River. A courageous but often inept commander, Kong Le fell back with his battered troops to Ban Na, on the south-western edge of the plain. He managed to salvage ten tanks, but lost nine armored cars and four anti-aircraft guns. All week long, small parties of neutralist troops made their way back through the hills to rejoin their commander. They reported that the Pathet Lao were aided by up to five battalions of North Vietnamese regulars. Kong Le announced: "From now on, I will support all who are against Communism." The fact that Kong Le and his men were still fighting at all seemed remarkable to U.S. observers, since they have sometimes gone for as long as a year without pay.

Pointed Cameras. Prince Souvanna sent a telegram to his half brother, Prince Souphanouvong, leader of the Pathet Lao, warning him that the Communists "must accept full responsibility for these violations of the Geneva accord." U.S. Ambassador Leonard Unger said, "This is worse than the piecemeal nibbling process that the Communists have been engaged in for the past ten years—it is a substantial bite." The first U.S. reaction was odd and somewhat embarrassing: Washington asked Britain and France, which maintain diplomatic relations with Peking, to try to persuade Red China to halt the Communist attacks in Laos. It was a clear indication that it is Red China, and no longer the Soviet Union, which controls Red moves in the area, but predictably the U.S. plea got nowhere.

Next there was talk of sending U.S. Marines to Thailand (which itself moved troops to the Laotian border) as a sobering threat to the Reds. This had worked once before when President Kennedy tried it in 1962, but that gesture had little permanent effect because the U.S. pulled the troops out again after six weeks. Washington still considered repeating the Marine maneuver and possibly leaving the force in



NEUTRALIST KONG LE
Mobile Group 13, where are you?

Thailand more or less permanently this time. But for the present the only tangible U.S. reaction came in the form of jets that whooshed low over the Plain of Jars: they aimed only cameras at the Red positions, but the U.S. was obviously trying to make the point that if it really wanted to get tough, it could just as easily aim bombs. The U.S. has reportedly been flying such reconnaissance missions on and off for two years. The beleaguered Meo refugees cheered as they saw the planes, and Pathet Lao gunners blazed away, scoring a few hits but more misses.

Invitation to Talk. Possibly because of the warning overflight, or because of the need to regroup—or simply because Laos is Laos—the Red advance toward the Mekong slowed to a halt. Just like last year and the year before, the Communists had grabbed more ground in Laos and inflicted more defeats on their opponents. Now they

were probably willing to talk for a while before resuming the battle.

There were certainly plenty of invitations to talk. France proposed another international conference to guarantee the neutrality of Laos. The U.S. rejected the suggestion because, as Dean Rusk pointed out, guarantees for Laotian neutrality already exist—they simply need to be kept. More important, the U.S. is sure that such a conference would quickly branch out from Laos to a proposal for neutrality throughout all of Indo-China, notably including Viet Nam. The French consider this the only solution, since they have decided that the U.S. cannot win the Vietnamese war. Quite a few Americans are begin-

ning to agree. Washington no longer objects to neutrality in Southeast Asia (or elsewhere) on principle, but believes that it cannot work. With Red China looming over the horizon, an attempt to neutralize the area regardless of international guarantees might simply turn the entire region into one big Laos. As government propaganda in Saigon posters puts it: "Red Plan—First Neutralize. Then Communize."

ever more aggressive Red guerrillas. The latest factor that hampers U.S. efforts is that old Asian stand-by, the rainy season, which is now beginning over South Viet Nam's Mekong Delta. As usual, while the mud and discomfort would seem to be the same for both sides, they favor the enemy.

Creeping Crickets. Twice a day, usually in early afternoon and again at dusk, the warm monsoon rains patter down. The paddies of the delta are already flooded ankle-deep. Plodding patiently across them, in a tableau ancient as the land itself, peasants in conical hats and mud-caked pants thrust pale green rice shoots into the fertile soil beneath the water. And in the hu-

mid dusk, countless crickets sing out—or get themselves captured by small boys who sell them to gambling elders for cricket fights.

Mounting Mayhem. U.S. money alone cannot strengthen the Vietnamese will to fight—or counteract the rising, deliberate Red policy to break that will through terror. For almost a month, the rate of Viet Cong terrorist "incidents" has been up from an average 300 to 400 per week to 500 to 700, with a higher-than-usual percentage consisting of seemingly senseless mayhem. The Reds have mined and fired on peasant-loaded buses, ambushed three-wheeled Lambretta motor scooters, which are a favorite peasant means of conveyance, and unmercifully harassed junk families on canals and rivers. Last month the Reds burned every building in one hamlet to the ground, including the local Buddhist temple. One night last week in Ba Xuyen province, while a crowd of farm families watched a roadside play, the Viet Cong fired into them, killed a father, mother and child.

In a small way, all this has backfired: there has been a slight increase in defections of Viet Cong supporters. But the Reds obviously feel that they can afford to pay this price in return for the fear they are spreading across the countryside—and in the capital as well. Twice last week Saigon tensed for Viet Cong attacks. One night rumors swept Saigon that the guerrillas planned a major assault on a U.S.-operated secret communications center south of the city's outskirts. The next night the Vietnamese army massed artillery amid reports that the Reds planned to charge Saigon airport. The attacks failed to materialize, but this did not dispel the suspicion that the Reds might have been capable of mounting them.

Nettling Neighbor. As if Saigon did not have enough on its hands with the Viet Cong, it faced the problem of a troublesome neighbor, Cambodia. South Viet Nam's Red guerrillas have long used Cambodia as a sanctuary, and though the rugged border is admittedly hard to police, Cambodia's neutralist Prince Sihanouk has done little to discourage his guests from next door. Their busiest crossing points are a stretch bordering Viet Nam's Tain-ninh province, the Plain of Reeds due west of Saigon, and an area south of the Cambodian village of Soairieng (see map, preceding page). The three sectors form the "duck's bill" portion of the frontier, which juts to within 40 miles of Saigon.

The Viet Cong roam freely, U.S. military men claim, for some 30 miles inside Cambodia, cache arms and supplies there, maintain small command posts. Conducting themselves as polite guests, the guerrillas rarely even chase Cambodian girls, use their haven chiefly for rest and regrouping. But because South Vietnamese troops sometimes pursue fleeing Viet Cong into their sanctuary—and, according to Cambodia, killed seven Cambodians earlier this month—Sihanouk's delegate charged



U.S. SERGEANT HELPS SECURE VIET CONG GUERRILLA

But who can hustle the East?

SOUTH VIET NAM

And Now the Rains

*It is not good for the Christian health,
To hustle the Asian brown;
For the Christian riles, and the Asian
smiles.
And he weareth the Christian down,
And the end of the fight is a
tombstone white.
With the name of the late deceased;
And the epitaph drear: "A fool lies
here,
Who tried to hustle the East."*

This version of a poem by Rudyard Kipling is much quoted in Viet Nam by Americans who are desperately trying to hustle Premier Nguyen Khanh's regime into stepped-up action against the

mid dusk, countless crickets sing out—or get themselves captured by small boys who sell them to gambling elders for cricket fights.

The Viet Cong guerrillas are almost as much at home in this setting as the crickets, while the government soldiers—many of them city boys, most of them encumbered with heavier equipment and moving in much larger units—are increasingly bogged down in unfamiliar terrain. In recent months U.S. advisers have pondered ways of improving mobility during the rainy season. One new tactic: a buildup in small boats to transport troops across paddyfields. But hustling the East in the rainy season promises to be even more frustrating than usual, though last week five government battalions were ambitiously attempting to flush the Reds from a stronghold in the northern mountains.

The Khanh regime is eagerly awaiting Washington's latest boost—an additional \$125 million in economic and military aid recommended fortnight ago by U.S. Defense Secretary Robert McNamara. Of the total, \$70 million will go toward bailing out the war-bankrupted Vietnamese economy, \$55 million toward raising the pay of soldiers

before the U.N. Security Council last week that his country has been the victim of aggression.

The U.S.'s Adlai Stevenson denied that Americans had anything to do with the latest incidents, retorted that the Communists have used Cambodian territory "as a passageway, source of supply, and sanctuary from counterattack." He proposed some sort of U.N. supervision of the border, which would bring the U.N. into Indo-China for the first time in such a capacity. South Viet Nam's General Nguyen Khanh expressed approval, but it remained to be seen whether Sihanouk would go along.

AUSTRALIA

Poor Military Posture

"Our state of preparedness is inadequate, our defense expenditure unworthy of a wealthy people that has accepted onerous treaty obligations, and the administration of defense at the top levels of government is weak and too loosely coordinated." So said a group of Australian experts in a recent military study. In a modest way, Australia is trying to do something about it.

A detachment of army engineers last week embarked for Borneo to build landing strips as part of a plan to help Malaysia in its "confrontation" with hostile Indonesia. Australia also agreed to a U.S. request for more aid to South Viet Nam, and the government plans to increase its mission in Saigon, which now consists of only 30 army instructors. But Australia, a SEATO member and often hopefully regarded as the West's anchor in the South Pacific, is still woefully unable to back up its brave intentions.

New Mirages. Australia's air force is obsolete, its navy a memory, its 23,000-man army smaller than Cambodia's. The country has no draft, spends less than 3% of its gross national product on defense v. nearly 7% in Britain and more than 9% in the U.S. There is so much dissatisfaction in the services about low pay* that the government last year had to forbid further resignations by officers. Only 1,765 recruits were obtained in the last nine months, which, after wastage, resulted in a net gain of only 816 men.

Since Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies and his Liberal Party were re-elected last November, he has raised the defense budget by \$124.5 million to a total of nearly \$586 million. Australia's seven squadrons of obsolete Canberra bombers and F-86 fighters will be replaced with French Mirage 111-0 fighters. Menzies has also placed orders for three U.S. guided-missile destroyers and four British Oberon-class submarines to bolster Australia's tiny fleet, consisting of a single aircraft carrier (damaged in a collision last Feb. 10), three destroy-

ers and a handful of frigates and mine sweepers.

Uneasy Possession. What especially stymies recruiting is the flourishing state of Australia's economy, and the labor-hungry industries are certain to oppose any attempt to bring back the draft, which was abandoned in 1959 as "wasteful." Yet Menzies hopes to boost the army by 5,000 men at year's end, and has asked Parliament for an extra \$35 million to win new recruits. Even so, this would leave it vastly inferior in numbers and even in equipment to the 350,000-man force kept by the Indonesians, with whom Australia shares uneasy possession of New Guinea.

Said External Affairs Minister Has-

Averell Harriman for massive credits* to buy modern petrochemical plants, which would expand the industrial complex already in operation near Ploesti. The Rumanians also urged increased contacts with the U.S. in academic, diplomatic, technical and cultural fields.

To improve the climate of the talks, the Bucharest regime reportedly released a few of the estimated 10,000 political prisoners still in Rumanian jails and leaked stories of anti-Russian demonstrations in Rumania. The Rumanians, who have long challenged Moscow's economic domination of the Eastern bloc, made it quite clear last week that they felt they could get away with all this because Moscow is currently too



AUSTRALIAN TROOPS ON MANEUVERS
But whom can they ask to tea?

luck last week: "One encounters sometimes the rather simple belief that we can be a neighbor of Southern Asia by picking out the nicely behaved nations whom we can ask to tea Sunday afternoons. We cannot work out relationships with neighbors our own size and our own outlook, and forget that at the end of the road lives China."

COMMUNISTS

The Flag Follows Trade

When George Marshall made the historic offer in 1947 to extend massive U.S. aid to help rebuild the shattered economies of friend and foe alike, the prostrate Soviet-occupied states of Eastern Europe responded with enthusiasm. But before their delegations could pack their scuffed suitcases and head West, Moscow thundered its veto of Communist participation in the Marshall Plan. Last week, in Conference Room 1105A of the State Department, a Rumanian delegation was finally able to accept, if not the 17-year-old offer, at least a latter-day, more commercial version.

Urbane and businesslike, Deputy Premier Gheorghe Gaston-Marin negotiated with Under Secretary of State

preoccupied with Red China to give them much trouble.

The Russians seemed indeed preoccupied. In addition to Nikita Khrushchev, wooing Arabs in Egypt, Mikhail Suslov journeyed to Paris to persuade the French that Russians are better friends than their new-found Chinese pals, while peripatetic Supersalesman Anastas Mikoyan scurried about Japan, inspecting plants and talking glibly of buying Japanese ships, pulp mills and industrial plants for the production of fertilizer and plastics on long-term credits.

Many Japanese were interested, but paradoxically, not the 100,000-member Communist Party, whose pro-Peking leaders prefer to talk trade with the Chinese. To make their position clear, Japan's 57-man Central Committee last week voted overwhelmingly to expel two leading party members for taking Russia's side in the schism.

* Last year, Washington extended \$46 million in aid and credits to the Poles to help finance their \$151 million trade with the U.S. No aid or credits went to the other satellite lites, whose trade with the U.S. is minuscule: Czechoslovakia \$20 million, Hungary \$18 million, East Germany \$9.6 million, Rumania \$2.4 million, Bulgaria \$1.2 million.

* Even though Aussie soldiers are among the highest-paid in the world, An Australian private earns \$4.22 per day compared with \$2.86 per day for a U.S. private.

FRANCE

The Decline of Maurice

France's Communist Party used to be the biggest, proudest bearer of the Red banner in Western Europe. Today party membership is 240,000, down from nearly 1,000,000 after World War II. Only 41 Communists sit in the National Assembly where 150 Red deputies raised their voices in 1956. More or less oblivious to these figures, 776 chanting, clapping delegates to the 17th Party Congress in Paris' Latin Quarter heard Party Boss Maurice Thorez describe changes in the party advertised as "revolutionary." They turned out to be hardly that. To provide a little more "democracy" in convention proceedings, secret balloting was introduced, and 30 new Central Committee members were elected to replace oldtimers. Potentially the most important change: Thorez himself resigned after 34 years as secretary-general.

Down in front. But at 64, "*cher Maurice*" was not really retiring; in good corporate style, he simply moved upstairs. Assuming the newly created post of president, he made room for a man only five years his junior, Assistant Secretary-General Waldeck Rochet, a onetime shepherd boy who became the party's expert on agricultural affairs and has always been a loyal party wheelhorse. Plainly, Thorez will continue to make party policy. It was quite a demonstration of the power to hang on, considering that he still shows the effects of the paralytic stroke he suffered 14 years ago—he remained seated as he delivered his closing speech in Paris last week. In almost any other line of business, given the state of his health and the relative failure of his

enterprise, he would have been out of a job.

Of course, it is tough to be a successful Communist under Charles de Gaulle, who has a way of stealing the Reds' issues: he is suitably anti-American, in his own way pushes the cause of the underdeveloped and unaligned nations, and above all rules a country that is bursting with prosperity. Besides, Thorez is having his ideological troubles. Once intensely loyal to Stalin, Thorez long resented Khrushchev's attacks on his old mentor, then finally made his peace with Nikita, and today is among his strongest supporters in the split with Red China. But he runs his party in the unbending Stalinist spirit, disillusioning many intellectuals and particularly the young.

Thorez is haunted by the example of the Italian party, which has actually grown under the leadership of Palmiro Togliatti (present membership: 1,700,000). Togliatti has been far more flexible than the hidebound Thorez, has encouraged more freedom of expression and more young blood in his party. While not pro-Peking, Togliatti has not rushed to line up with Khrushchev in his fight against the Chinese—simply to show his independence from Moscow.

Search for Support. This has drawn many French and other Western European comrades toward Togliatti's way of doing things, has precipitated a significant split between the French and Italian parties. Always sensitive to Maurice's concerns, his formidable wife Jeanette Vermeersch, a party veteran of 35 years, rose at last week's Paris Congress to denounce the pro-Italian faction.

But Thorez has not lost all his leverage. After all, his party still commanded 3,800,000 French votes in the last election. The French Socialists, abjuring the support of France's middle and right wings, may have to combine with the Communists if they are to have any chance of seizing power from De Gaulle in the 1965 election. The Socialists' presidential candidate, Gaston Defferre, is not making any compromises to win Communist support, but Thorez invited all Socialists to join *cher Maurice* v. *le grand Charles*.



THOREZ WITH JEANNETTE

Quite a way of hanging on.



WALDECK ROCHET

ESPIONAGE

The Moscow Bughouse

Most old structures have bugs, but these were different. Tipped off by a Red defector, security men in the 50-year-old U.S. Embassy in Moscow broke into the walls of several rooms and found more than 40 microphones planted 8 in. to 10 in. inside the walls. The bugs? Were estimated to be twelve years old, going back to the Stalin era, but still eminently operational. Lamented one U.S. official: "Here we've been using the most up-to-date methods to pick up the most sophisticated bugs, and what happens? They had what amounts to an old system of crystal sets buried in the walls."

Listening Bowl. It was not the first discovery of bugs in U.S. embassies behind the Iron Curtain, but one of the few that the U.S. chose to make public. All knowledgeable foreigners in Moscow take it for granted that embassies and hotels are bugged, and U.S. diplomats go through an exhaustive briefing before reporting for Russian duty, including a tour of the State Department's "Chamber of Horrors," which contains a vast display of bugs found behind the Iron Curtain. U.S. Embassy officials in Moscow hold their really important talks in a specially constructed, supposedly bug-free "tank," or while strolling out in the open.

Even that is not completely safe, because laser beams can pick up a conversation 100 yds. away. With miniature, transistorized equipment, even trees and flower beds have on occasion been bugged, along with practically everything else—bedsprings, toilet bowls, belt buckles. Americans believe that the microphones in their living quarters are turned on only when they receive important visitors, but they cannot be sure. Says one diplomat: "A man and his wife can't even have an argument unless they are willing to let the Russians in on it."

Needed Agent. The Russian spy mania requires battalions of clerks to transcribe, translate and file what has been overheard, as well as "evaluators" to judge its significance. A U.S. official concedes that the Moscow bugs may have picked up "potentially useful fragments," but adds that "getting them sorted out and fitting them together would require a very large investment in time and effort for a potentially small return."

Western diplomats sometimes use Soviet bugs for their own purposes. They may feed them false information or use them to needle a top Russian agent they would like to get rid of, either by suggesting he is on the U.S. payroll or hinting he is having an affair with some Soviet minister's wife. In fact, skeptics wondered last week why such old-fashioned bugs had remained immune so

The term derives from telegraphers' slang for the Morse code signaling key.

long to modern detection devices. Was it because the U.S. knew the mikes were there and employed them to plant phony data? And why did the U.S. choose this particular moment to announce the discovery? Was it because the Russians had already decided that the information they were getting was false?

Whatever the answer, legend has it that Sir Winston Churchill long ago offered the definitive riposte to those Russian buggers. At Yalta, warned that his room was bound to be wired, he strolled up and down, shouting at the walls: "Baboons! Baboons!"

EGYPT

Fatigued Finish

Wilted and liverish, his famed bounce almost gone, Nikita Khrushchev sweat-ed grimly through the final week of his state visit to Egypt. He barely glanced at the Karnak temples, passed up the German-built steel mill near Cairo and even the star belly dancer at the Nile Hilton who, in deference to the Russian visitors, obeyed the usually ignored regulations by being swathed in silk from neck to ankles. Khrushchev's humorless, polemic speeches and their endless translations bored dwindling crowds in Cairo, Port Said and Alexandria. They felt that Nikita might as well have gone back home after attending to his main business—inaugurating the Aswan Dam.

Interpreting Unity. Obviously recalling Chinese Premier Chou En-lai's Cairo visit only six months ago, Khrushchev tried hard to sound every bit as revolutionary as Peking. He attacked Israel as "an agent of imperialism," supported the Arab policy on Jordan water, tore into the British and their position at Aden.

At one point he went a little too far for his hosts. When Nasser spoke of Arab unity, Nikita asked testily: "Does this mean we Russians should go home? We are not Arabs." Making a heavy-handed pitch about how Arab oil riches and Russian power together could defeat "any enemy," Khrushchev explained that unity must not be simply considered in national terms but must embrace the working classes all over the world. Some Arabs, for instance those in the oil sheikdom of Kuwait, continued Khrushchev angrily, are "lackeys of imperialism. Can you really unite with such people?" The air chilled, interpreters stammered, the Egyptian Ambassador to Moscow, Russian-speaking Murad Ghaleb, explained to Nasser that the translation had been faulty. "No, no," interrupted Nikita. "I meant what I said."

Balancing Budgets. In sum, while the dam represents a considerable success for Russia, Khrushchev fared less well with his personal and political appeals in Egypt. At week's end the sight of ripe Egyptian wheat roused him to his old antics as he toured the Liberation province land-reclamation project. He



DEFIANT YOUTH AT BRIGHTON BEACH
One way to beat boredom.

sickled and tasted some of the grain ("a bit dry"), criticized the housing facilities for peasants ("too costly"), later congratulated winners of a skeet-shooting contest. Between outings, Nikita retired to rest and continue private talks with Nasser.

Much of the talk was inevitably about money. This year Egypt must pay Moscow the first of twelve annual payments on the estimated \$271 million Moscow is putting into the Aswan Dam and ancillary installations. Though eventually the project will pay for itself in new cropland and electric power, these benefits will not be fully realized for nearly a decade, during which Nasser needs even larger sums for industrial development, and already Egypt owes the Soviet bloc \$800 million plus a large, secret bill for arms. Khrushchev hinted broadly that there would be further massive credits—even though some Russians complained that Moscow already had too many foreign aid commitments.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Battle of the Yobs

For the three-day Whitsun weekend, the weather was as warm and bright as the sky in a Visit Britain poster. Streaming out of London by scooter, motorbike and train, the kids swarmed into two seaside resorts, the prearranged settings for their teen-age rites of spring. There, in two days of juvenile violence without parallel in England, they left no stone unturned to turn holiday into holocaust.

Like Sea Slugs. The battle had been shaping up since Easter, when more than 1,000 members of Britain's rival teen cults threw a wild weekend punch-up at seaside Clacton. This time, some 3,000 "Mods" and "Rockers" flocked to Margate and Brighton, the Mods (for modern) spiffed up in drainpipe trou-

sers and pastel shirts, the Rockers encased in black leather jackets and cowboy boots. At each resort the Mods, who ride scooters and call their girls "birds," pitched camp at one end of the beach. The Rockers, who care more for their motorcycles than their birds, formed a tight rectangle at the other end. With jackets inconspicuously zipped up despite the sun, the pallid, scruffy youths looked like a colony of sea slugs washed in by the tide.

Tension mounted all Saturday night as guitar-thrumming youths became "blocked," their term for getting high on goofballs. Because Mods sport elaborate hairdos and often tart themselves up with eye shadow and transparent lipstick, they are sneered at by the Rockers. Margate was the Mods' big chance to assert their virility. At dawn on Sunday, armed with ripped-off legs from beach chairs, stone-hurling Mods charged their rivals, injuring two policemen who tried to intervene. As police reinforcements poured in, the battle surged to and fro along the beach, then spread into Margate's streets. Two youths were stabbed, dozens injured by brass knuckles, flying stones or milk bottles, and Rockers' studded belts; in two days, 69 were arrested.

Sawdust Caesars. Both in Margate and in Brighton, where more than 1,000 kids joined another melee and 75 were arrested, irate magistrates handed out stiff jail sentences (up to six months for assault) and fines totaling some \$6,000. Stormed a magistrate: "These long-haired, mentally unstable, petty little hoodlums—these sawdust Caesars—seem to find courage, like rats, by hunting only in packs."

More patient sociologists who have studied them say that few members of both groups are actually "yobs" (hoods), but that they all are too easily incited by hooligans and by the op-

portunity to show off. Mod-Rocker antagonism is honed by class resentment, for the Rockers are mostly manual workers while Mods tend to be self-consciously superior white-collar types. Many Britons see in these outbursts a symptom of deep boredom and frustration that, in different ways, is also shared by the older generation. While the youngsters enjoy unparalleled affluence, they nevertheless see drab lives ahead. As the *Guardian* diagnosed it, "Theirs is an ailment which can only be cured when the places in which they live and the schools in which they learn are less cramped, less frustrating and less deadly to hope."

All true, no doubt, but to most Britons they were still a bunch of yobs.

Sheep Crossing. Previously famed mainly as Ludwig van Beethoven's birthplace, Bonn today is known to diplomats as the most inconvenient, uncomfortable capital this side of Usumbura. True, the Rhine offers a lovely, healing view to harassed government types, but Bonn is Germany's rainiest (161.8 days a year) and most densely populated city; its traffic is the heaviest, its rentals among the highest. "The city is just half the size of Chicago's Central Cemetery," says a U.S. diplomat. "And twice as dead."

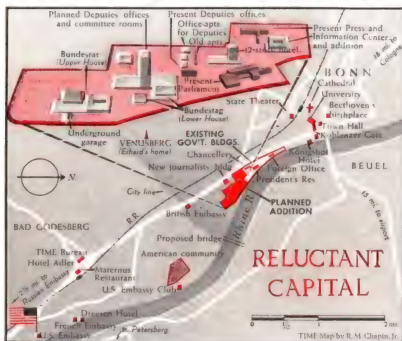
Its main street, the Koblenzer Strasse, is part of the north-south highway from Cologne to Coblenz, and is perpetually jammed by 36,000 trucks and cars a day that must slow to a crawl to squeeze

sist in attending one another's parties—at least 20 a week—and the American Club's Wednesday night bingo game. The Old Bonn families keep strictly to themselves: so do the town's 13,000 university students and faculty members. New Bonners, as they call the 521 Bundestag members and 12,150 federal employees, usually go to Cologne or Coblenz for amusement. Most U.S. diplomats and journalists live and entertain each other in Bad Godesberg, Bonn's picturesque neighbor, where the American colony is known variously as the Ghetto, the Compound or Westchester-on-Rhine.

The city's antipathy to outsiders dates back to Roman times, when a legion garrisoned in "Bonna" was decimated by the warlike Batavi. Today local resentment manifests itself in Bonn's constant fight to keep the government from taking over existing buildings or precious real estate. Recently, with bipartisan backing, Bundestag President Eugen Gerstenmaier disclosed plans for a new parliamentary center on the Rhine, consisting of a 25-story office building for Deputies, a twelve-story hotel and an 18-story press center, as well as a series of bridges across the railroad tracks. Bonn's burghers protested that Gerstenmaier's "Brasilia," as the stuffy *Rheinische Post* dubbed it, would occupy their best recreational land. The program has been postponed for years, since the government has always clung to the belief that by putting up permanent buildings in a "provisional" capital it might weaken its claim that Berlin and the rest of Germany must ultimately be reunited.

Pentabonn. As a result, government ministries are strung miles apart in makeshift, inadequate buildings that range from a pre-empted hotel, where each office has a private bath, to a converted Wehrmacht barracks. Embassies are scattered from Cologne, 18 miles north of Bonn, to Rolandseck, ten miles south in the neighboring state of Rhineland-Palatinate, where the Russians have taken over an old resort hotel. Chilean diplomats must work above the din of a five-and-a-half-story store on the floor below; the small, ugly British chancellery is smack in the middle of a cornfield, across the street from a Coca-Cola plant. New buildings, like the sprawling U.S. office complex known as the Pentabonn, have been cannily designed so that they can be converted to local use as hospitals, industries and schools should the capital ever move back to Berlin.

Bonn's villagers, old, new, academic and foreign, can hardly wait for that happy day. Meanwhile, the new \$34 million building program should at least make life more enjoyable for a crackpot who tried to burn down Beethoven's birthplace (now a museum) a few years ago. Asked why he had done it, the arsonist demanded with impeccable logic: "In this whole town, what else is there worth burning?"



WEST GERMANY

C'est Si Bonn

Under the disapproving gaze of two stuffed giraffes, West Germany's leaders met in 1948 at Bonn's zoological museum to draft their new constitution. Far from welcoming their decision to make Bonn West Germany's "provisional" capital, most of the university town's 100,000 inhabitants vociferously protested the choice. For the *Bundesdorf*, or "federal village," as it is condescendingly called elsewhere in Germany, is a Peter Pan among cities. It never wanted to grow up into a capital, stubbornly resists every government scheme to make it function like one, and does its best to ignore the 200,000 additional citizens who have settled in Bonn itself and a score of towns and villages that cluster around it. "Bonn," says Bundestag Vice President Carlo Schmid, "is not a metropolis. It's an a-polis, a non-city."

through the 18th century Koblenzer Gate in the middle of town. The 20,000 cars a day that travel east or west through Bonn have to cross a railroad line that bisects the city; at three level crossings the gates are closed for 360 trains a day, or an average of 20 minutes each hour. Capital traffic is also disrupted by a flock of 400 sheep that has to cross the highway, as well as the hay wagons that occasionally break down in town. In time, foreigners learn to take such quaint delays in their stride. "C'est si Bonn," they shrug.

Slaughtered Legion. The federal a-polis has widely unnoted theatrical and opera companies and a dozen or so mediocre nightclubs, boasts only three starrable restaurants: the elegant, century-old Adler, a favorite of government gourmets and gossips called Maternus, and La Redoute, a rococo mansion where Beethoven once performed. For members of the 88 diplomatic missions in Bonn, the main diversions con-

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THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Rallying Round a Flag

Prime Minister Lester B. ("Mike") Pearson stood before the Royal Canadian Legion in Winnipeg, discussing a subject near to his heart. During his election campaign in the spring of 1963, he had promised to give Canada a national flag of its own to take the place of Britain's Union Jack and Canada's semi-official Red Ensign, incorporating the Union Jack and the Canadian coat of arms. Now, said Pearson, he was ready with a design. As later approved by his Cabinet, the flag features three red maple leaves on a white field with a vertical blue bar on each end, symbolizing Canada's motto "From Sea to Sea."

The reaction could hardly have been pricklier had Mike Pearson suggested a red porcupine on a bed of pine needles. The war veterans almost booed him from the hall, and throughout the land other flag-waving Canadians raised a howl. Editorial cartoonists had a field day: a flag-toting Pearson dodging the shot and shell of protest; Pearson with a flag in one hand, a gun in the other, threatening John O. Canada; Vowed Newfoundland's Premier: "We will continue to fly the Union Jack if we are the last place in Canada to do it." In angry letters to a Winnipeg newspaper, Pearson was voted down ten to one.

"Bad art, a bad flag," grumped an advertising executive in Vancouver. "It's the kind of flag someone might fly over a yacht, but not over a country," added an Edmonton publisher.

Dangerous Division. The hullabaloo reflected far more than a revolt over esthetics or the Prime Minister's notions of heraldry. As Pearson himself was only too well aware, it reflected a deep and dangerous division between Canada's English-speaking majority and its French-speaking minority centered in the province of Quebec. To English Canadians, the Union Jack is a cherished symbol of Canada's strong allegiance to the mother country. But to French Canadians—with their own language, Roman Catholic religion and cultural identity—the Union Jack is an ugly reminder of Quebec's forcible conquest by England in 1759, and what they regard as their own second-class status ever since.

French Canadians complain that "Englishmen" control Quebec's industries and natural resources, that although the country is officially bilingual the federal government operates in Eng-

lish only, that French Canadians are discriminated against in the civil service, and in a thousand other ways. The disaffection has been growing, until today a considerable number of French Canadians want out of Canada altogether. Separatist groups are clamoring for secession, to the point where a legislative committee is now studying what this would mean to Quebec. Then there are the extremists, who call themselves the Quebec Liberation Army, and have been planting bombs in mailboxes, dynamiting army installations and looting armories. In the matter of flags, Quebec flies its own French fleur-de-lis over provincial government buildings in pref-



PEARSON & PUBLIC: TWO-HANDED SALUTE

erence to the Red Ensign or the Union Jack.

Saving Not Building. Since his election, Pearson has been trying hard to repair the disunity. He has given French Canadians a stronger voice in Ottawa, has appointed a Royal Commission on Biculturalism, even modified a new federal, social-security-type pension plan to guarantee Quebec's participation. He conceives of a flag that all Canadians can salute as one more plank in the program, and for good measure, he hopes to substitute *O Canada for God Save the Queen* as the national anthem.

To prove he means business, Pearson intends to regard the flag vote as a vote of confidence. He will probably win it: Canada's three splinter parties have pledged to support his minority Liberal government on the vote. But a flag and an anthem are only first steps in joining together divided Canada. "Our problem today," said Mike Pearson to the House of Commons recently, "is not one of nation-building. It is a problem of nation-saving—saving this nation from forces that weaken and could ultimately destroy it."

CUBA

War of Nerves

The exile campaign against Cuba's Fidel Castro pressed on last week—a war of words, nerves and calculated confusion designed to bedevil and aggravate Cuba's Communists.

All week long, reports of new landings and new attacks poured out of Miami. Spokesmen for Manuel Artime's M.R.R., which destroyed a sugar mill fortnight ago, announced that they had gone in again to blow up six highway bridges inside Cuba—then admitted that this was untrue but promised that Castro would hear from them soon. Stories of exile training camps made the rounds—particularly of big doings at the old Bay of Pigs camps in Guatemala and Nicaragua. NBC-TV showed films of exile guerrillas training "somewhere in Central America," likely Costa Rica. Almost with one voice, the governments of the three countries stoutly denied any Cuban rebel activity, and other newsmen prowling the area found nothing.

Corsair & Caesar. Anti-Castro radio stations came on the air, and some of the broadcasts may have indeed come from inside Cuba. But most of them probably originated no farther distant than "Little Havana" in southwestern Miami. Using code names such as "Tiger," "Corsair," and "Alpha Five," they heaped a 24-hour torrent of chatter, reading off metronome-like numbers in Spanish and repeating cryptic messages: "Caesar is approaching the Colosseum." "The little tree is in the middle of the pasture." More than once, Castro stations broke in angrily. Cried one Castroite at the microphone: "You have no guts to come here, son of a whore! You only know how to kill children. Effeminate! Tell me where you are—I'll get you." Replied an anti-Castro station: "That is the education that the Russians have given you. But we are going to re-educate you."

The one man everyone expected to hear from was mysteriously silent. Manolo Ray, leader of the JURE exile group, had promised to be inside Cuba reorganizing the anti-Castro underground by May 20, Cuba's Independence Day. On the 16th, Miami monitors picked up a brief broadcast purporting to be from Cuba: "This is Ray speaking to all Cubans from free territory." But Ray's lieutenants said it was not Ray's voice. On the 20th, there was nothing but silence from Ray's group. Was their leader in Cuba? A spokesman merely smiled.

"Fight to the Death." The war of nerves was beginning to tell on Castro and his henchmen. "We are face to face with history," roared Minister of Industries Che Guevara last week. "We cannot be afraid. This is a fight to the

death." Added Castro's little brother Raúl, head of Cuba's armed forces: "We must be alert. We must be implacable."

Castro canceled all military leaves and placed his armed forces on full alert. Havana University was drained as students were called to arms in militia units. Night after night, radar antennas scanned the sea and sky for any suspicious movement, while patrol boats and shore patrols filled in the radar gaps. So busy were MIG fighters that one jet narrowly missed ramming into a Cuban airliner over eastern Oriente province. Castro's internal radio even issued a call for volunteer blood donors in preparation for "any emergency." Meantime, Cuba's powerful, 100,000-watt propaganda radio blared defiance to the world: "The Cuban people will flatten those who try to take over Cuba. Cubans are ready."

BOLIVIA

Progress Toward a Third Term

Bolivia's May 31 election was approaching, and it was time for President Victor Paz Estenssoro, running for a third term, to demonstrate that for all practical purposes he had disarmed his most violent opposition. Climbing into his DC-3, he flew to Oruro (pop. 81,000), market center of the country's tin-mining area and for years a stronghold of rebel Vice President Juan Lechin and his Communist-dominated mining unions. For good measure Paz invited U.S. Ambassador Douglas Henderson to come along as his guest.

Neither had anything to fear. Communist agitators were conspicuous by their absence. A confetti-tossing crowd of 5,000 greeted Paz at the airport and hoisted him to its shoulders. In town, a banner-wielding throng of 7,000 jammed the narrow streets, waving and shouting, "Workers for Victor Paz." "This is an emotional experience for me," Paz told the crowd, and went on with Henderson to snip a ribbon on an Alianza-financed road project, inspect a new water plant and attend a civic banquet. On the flight back to La Paz, the President allowed that "this has been a great day."

Flags v. Fertilizers. Bolivia is still a cruel, ancient medieval land locked in Andean poverty. On the 12,000-ft.-high Altiplano, where 75% of its 4,000,000 people live, Indian *campesinos* still consider white flags draped on their oxen a surer crop guarantee than fertilizer. Some 60% of the people speak only Indian languages, and per capita income is a pitiable \$114. But under Paz Estenssoro, 56, Bolivia is gradually improving.

It is hardly a democracy in the U.S. sense. As Bolivia's first President after the 1952 revolution that toppled the country's tin-mining aristocracy, Paz organized a heavy-handed political police and created almost a one-party state. He also gave the country its first taste of competent government. He built new roads, commenced an ambitious



PRESIDENT PAZ ESTENSORO
All for the design.

project of resettling *campesinos* from the Altiplano on more fertile farm areas in the eastern lowlands. After his reelection in 1960, Paz expanded his programs until today some 150,000 *campesinos* have been resettled. New cars clog the streets of the capital, La Paz, and new buildings rise above the old Spanish city.

Paz's biggest job was whipping the nationalized tin-mining industry into shape. Under Union Boss Lechin, mine employment soared from 19,000 to 29,000; by 1960 the mines were losing \$10 million a year, and only aid from the U.S. kept the industry going. A year later, Paz signed an agreement with the U.S., the Inter-American Development Bank and West Germany for \$38 million to modernize the mines, promising in return to lop 6,000 men from the payrolls. Lechin and his miners threatened civil war. But Paz had enough political strength to ride out the storm. By last week 2,400 miners had been laid off; others will go. Says Guillermo Bedregal, boss of the mining complex: "By the end of this year, the mines will be paying their way."

"There May Be Trouble." The animosity between Paz and Lechin has grown ever more bitter. In December, tensions exploded when the miners kidnapped four Americans as hostages for two far-leftist union leaders arrested as part of the mine cleanup. After ten days, the miners backed down; at the party convention a month later, Lechin was drummed out, and Paz was named for a third term. The raging Lechin called a rump convention and swore to run against Paz.

How much power Lechin retains is questionable. After Paz's triumphant tour of Oruro last week, Lechin decided to withdraw from the election and announced that he would boycott the voting. He then did the only thing he could think of: he challenged Paz



DOWNTOWN LA PAZ

to a duel "to prevent the spilling of innocent blood." Paz ignored the challenge, and other threats of street demonstrations, strikes and even assassination. "There may be trouble," he admits. "They may try to kill me. But we have set out the design, and we intend to carry it off."

PANAMA

U.N. Diplomat in Action

As an up-and-coming Panamanian politician, Aquilino Boyd liked to make his position wittingly clear. He led a band of hooligans in the 1959 Canal Zone riots—they tore down an American flag and urinated on it. At the U.N. during last January's Panama crisis, he was all indignation, accusing the U.S. of "bloody aggression." Last week he was back home, being more aggressive still.

In the recent elections for President and the National Assembly, Boyd was among the losers, failing to retain the Deputy's seat that he had held in addition to his diplomat's job. Panama's daily *La Hora* ran an editorial taunting him on his poor showing, adding that even his effort to cheat his way in had flopped. When Boyd saw Escalante Calvo, editor of *La Hora*, while driving along a Panama City street, he jammed on his brakes, cutting off Calvo's car, hopped out, and pumped two bullets into his surprised victim before his gun jammed. Then he pistol-whipped away at Calvo's head until he was finally subdued by bystanders.

The wounded editor, with .38-cal. holes in his left side and arm, drove himself to a hospital. U.N. Diplomat Boyd went home to lunch. Even as a lame-duck Deputy he had all sorts of immunity, and in Panama, where the *macho* approach clicks with voters, he might even have improved his flagging political popularity.



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PLYMOUTH DIVISION



CHRYSLER
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PEOPLE



ANITA & MATE
Sniping at shutterbugs.

War photography may be a dying art, but on one front it is still going strong—at the Italian villa occupied by Robustious Swedish Cinematress **Anita Ekberg**, 32, and her American actor-husband, **Rik Van Nutter**. Anita these days could practically play the mountainous billboard heroine of *Boccaccio '70* without any trick camera work, and, bugged by shutterbugs, she understandably responds with whatever comes to hand. Last week it was a rifle with telescopic sights, and she spent a busy few minutes sniping away at a photographer in a tree a few hundred feet from the manse. Fact is, Ekberg worries too much. If you like the motherly type, those extra pounds don't look so bad.

He originally liked Yale, but his mother made him stay at home, so he went to City College in Manhattan instead. Then Princeton came to mean a lot when its ex-president, Woodrow Wilson, called him to government duty, and now the letters and other documents chronicling the services of **Bernard M. Baruch**, 93, to nine U.S. Presidents will go to Princeton. With the Wilson collection, and papers of Old Nassau grads **John Foster Dulles** ('08) and **James Forrestal** ('15), they will term the nucleus of a new Center for Studies in 20th Century Statecraft that eventually will also include the papers of U.N. Delegate **Adlai Stevenson** ('22).

Even with the new low withholding rates, it was a drag to raise five children on a Government salary of \$21,000 a year, and so **Mortimer Caplin**, 47, finally resigned as Internal Revenue Commissioner, to return to practicing tax law in Washington.

Elizabeth Arden could have told them she was a rough customer. So could the Revson boys. But all she looked like was a fragile little old lady, so these three tough guys, dressed up in blue delivery boy's suits and wrap-around sunglasses, broke into the 26-room Park Avenue triplex of **Helena Rubinstein**,

who may or may not be 92 (her age is a bigger secret than her formulas). "Open the safe or we'll kill you," snarled the head hood. "Go ahead," she sneered. "I've lived my life. You can kill me, but I'm not going to let you rob me." That kind of shook the thugs, and when she screamed they faded faster than a tell-tale wrinkle, without so much as laying a finger on anything in the joint.

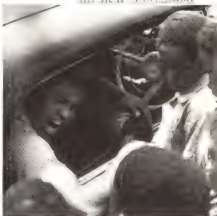
His brother likes to zoom along in high gear, but **Sam Houston Johnson**, 50, is a more conservative Texas sort: he just gets into trouble going backwards. Last week, he backed his 1964 Pontiac out of an Austin parking lot, then banged into a passing delivery truck, wound up with "minor fender" damage, a ticket for reckless driving and a \$10 fine.

The needle-nosed F-104G Super Starfighter boomed over the measured tennis court at 37,000 ft. above California's Edwards Air Force Base. Officials checked its speed with radar, and when blonde Aviatrix **Jacqueline Cochran**, 57, landed, she had another feather to put in her pretty cap. This time the cosmetics executive (chairman of Jacqueline Cochran, Inc.) had set the women's speed record of 1,429.2 m.p.h. at more than twice the speed of sound, easily shattering eardrums and her own 1963 record of 1,273.1 m.p.h.

It looked like a regular hehira at Accra International Airport as 5,000 frantic Ghanaians cheered. "Welcome, King of the World! Welcome, Mohammed Ali!" Actually it was only that latter-day prophet, Heavyweight Champion **Cassius Clay**, 22, who speedily made clear that he likes Moslem women and customs. "I'm going to get me



MADAME HELENA
Too tough for the thugs.



CASSIUS IN GHANA
Calling all wives.

four wives and take them back home," he "lowed. "Ahigail will sit beside me feeding me grapes. Susie will be rubbing olive oil over my beautiful muscles. Cecilia will be shining my shoes, and there'll be Peaches, too. I don't know what she'll do. . . ." The listeners nodded happily, realizing full well that this was a king's prerogative, especially a king from America.

New York's two Republican Senators, **Kenneth Keating**, 64, and **Jacob Javits**, 60, have no problem remembering each other's birthday, since both were born on May 18. Last week Javits remembered Upstater Keating with a red-leather clipboard and pen, for jotting notes on planes during next fall's re-election campaign. In return, the big-city sophisticate got a wine decanter in red-leather casing, intended to keep the Burgundy at the right temperature.

In Washington, **Lynda Bird Johnson**, 20, went to a local production of *Camelot* with 1st Lieut. David A. Lefevre, U.S.M.C., 24, who is stationed at the White House as a "social aide." Big romance? "That's part of his work," said his father.

Midst laurels stood Comedian **Bob Hope**, 61, given the National Citizenship Award of the Military Chaplains Association for his "tireless, unselfish efforts" to bring "warmth and cheer by personal visits" to U.S. servicemen. Composer **Benjamin Britten**, 50, winner of the New York Music Critics' Circle awards in two categories—operatic (for *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) and choral (*War Requiem*); **Thomas J. Watson Jr.**, 50, chairman of International Business Machines Corp., elected president of the National Council of the Boy Scouts of America (he joined his first troop in Short Hills, N.J., on the day in 1927 that Lindbergh flew the Atlantic); Playwright **Lillian Hellman**, 58, and Artist **Ben Shahn**, 65, honored with gold medals by the National Institute of Arts and Letters.

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Steel works photo by Charles Van Maanen

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MAY 1963. BELL SYSTEM IS A TRADEMARK OF THE BELL SYSTEM.

THE PRESS

REPORTING

Johnson's Image Abroad

By Old World standards, John F. Kennedy was a hard act to follow. He was all grace and incisive confidence; by his very youth he seemed to bolster European faith in that vigorous young world power across the Atlantic. And by Old World standards, Lyndon Johnson was hardly the man to replace him: he was an American politician in the most pejorative sense of the word. In the six months since Lyndon Johnson took office, how has he fared in the European press?

Marks of Greatness. Surprisingly, Britain's Fleet Street seems to have lost its newspaper heart to the new President. Whether from relief because the death of Kennedy proved a survivable U.S. tragedy, or whether British newspapers took their cues from a favorable U.S. press, they have been extravagant in their praise. Kennedy was only three weeks dead when the London Sunday Telegraph predicted that "Kennedy's name in the history books may well appear as little more than a footnote in the massive chapter on the presidency of Lyndon B. Johnson."

Headlines all over London have reflected similar approval: PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S POPULARITY ROOMS (the Guardian), PERSUASIVE—AT A FURIOUS PACE (the Financial Times), FINE START BY LYNDON JOHNSON (the Daily Herald). "The Johnson era is certain to be one piled high with difficulty," said the Times of London. "But there is a good chance that it will bear the marks of greatness too."

No Radiance. Across the English Channel, however, the Johnson image is still contesting unsuccessfully with unfamiliarity, indifference, and fond remembrances of the man he replaced. In Paris, where Johnson is dimly re-

membered as the Kennedy emissary who paid France a grinning visit in 1961 and distributed ballpoint pens, the press has not yet tried to take the measure of the new President. Most papers have kept a slightly mystified and slightly hostile silence, as if they did not understand the newcomer and hardly cared. "A homogeneous mixture of merits and cunning," cabled the Washington correspondent of *Le Monde* in a recent attempt to translate Johnson into Gallic terms. In *L'Express*, Editorial Cartoonist Tim was even blunter. He showed a long Johnsonian arm, labeled *Douanes* (tariffs), jabbing at the head of Charles de Gaulle (see cut).

West German correspondents in Washington have found Johnson both boring and unfathomable. "He is so 100% American and so Texan," said one, "that we simply cannot understand him." Hamburg's *Die Welt*, a newspaper with national circulation, recently weighed Johnson on the scales of statesmanship and found him wanting: "Admittedly the new President is no radiant political figure. That role has been taken over by De Gaulle."

Still in Eclipse. In Italy, Johnson's image is still eclipsed by Kennedy's. Publications seem more interested in noting that there is an Italian in the White House—Milan's *Epoca* magazine recently ran a lengthy profile on Johnson Aide Jack Valenti—than in sizing up the White House's tallest tenant.

And where the press has tried to appraise Johnson, the treatment has generally been superficial and routine. "Johnson is not an intellectual nor a philosopher nor an innovator," said *Vita* magazine in a cover story on the President. But then *Vita* paid Johnson a grudging compliment: "He has, however, an unequalled capacity and ability to resolve, one at a time, the little problems of daily life."



SHEILAH GRAHAM
Bearding Shaw took cheek.

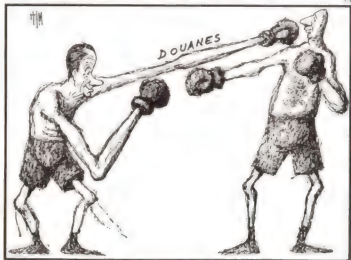
COLUMNISTS

From Nowhere to Everywhere

As soon as a Hollywood columnist attains celebrity status, several things happen. The headwater at Chasen's, with a deferential flourish, wipes imaginary dust motes from the best table in the house. Film stars proffer unbitten the gilt nuggets of gossip that once had to be mined. Film fans clamor for autographs. And the elevated one publishes an autobiography. Until last week, only two of the three Hollywood columnists who boast star billing had fulfilled this requirement of *noblesse oblige*: Louella Parsons, who wrote her life story in 1961,* and Hedda Hopper, who wrote hers two years later because Lolly had written *hers*. With publication of Sheilah Graham's *The Rest of the Story* (Coward-McCann: \$4.95), the bibliography is now complete.

Miss Graham's book is the memoir of a woman who happens to be a Hollywood columnist, rather than the memoir of a Hollywood columnist who happens to be a woman. The neon names that crowd her daily column are introduced mainly to illuminate the author—and not always in a flattering light. Columnist Graham tells of the time that Actress Jessica Tandy led her to Marlon Brando's dressing room door. "Marlon," said Miss Tandy, "I want you to meet—" Brando did not let her finish. "Your mother?" he interrupted blandly. The comment was as inaccurate as it was unkind. At 54, Miss Tandy is only five years Miss Graham's junior.

Through the Vegetables. Bored by now with stargazing, Author Graham examines, with disarming candor and undilutable fascination, the most important person in her life. The reader is led through two accouchements ("Sound the trumpets, and Hallelujah, and thank you, God") and three husbands, the last identified only as an



PARIS L'EXPRESS CARTOON OF JOHNSON & DE GAULLE
The new President has yet to cross the Channel.

* Miss Parsons actually did it twice, the first time in 1944.

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"unpronounceable Polish name." The reader shares Miss Graham's relief on auditing the tape of her first radio show ("My voice was clear and beautiful"), her pleasure at being a Somebody in a world of Nobodies: "At any airport in the world, the passenger manager will usually take care of my luggage and we are put on the plane first."

Such passages echo the wonder of a little nobody whose childhood dreams seem to have come true. Born Lily Sheil in England, the daughter of a clothing manufacturer in Leeds, she came to the U.S. outfitted with a pretty face, an attractive accent, and the ambition to make \$5,000 a week. The combination was readily merchandisable around the sound stages of Southern California.

The Graham byline soon spread across the continent. She had her own radio show. After war came, she was able to talk her syndicate, North American Newspaper Alliance, into sending her to England. There, as a self-styled war correspondent, she gathered tips from the U.S. newsmen tipping at the Savoy bar, interviewed Lord Beaverbrook ("You're sweet," she told him, to his utter astonishment), and heard George Bernard Shaw, who almost never granted newspaper interviews. Correspondent Graham turned the trick with one phone call, a little patience and a little cheek. When Shaw's secretary at Ayot St. Lawrence told her to wait, Miss Graham refused. Shaw, who had been eavesdropping behind a door, materialized at once and escorted her on an unenlightening tour of his vegetable garden.

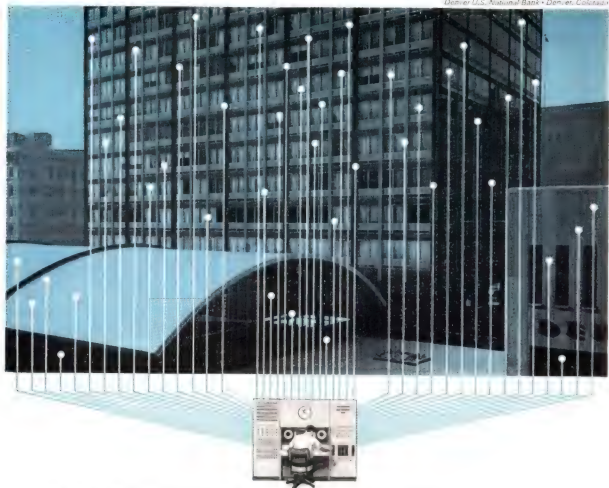
Another Ambition. Despite success in her chosen career, Sheila Graham played her most satisfying role during the three years (1937-40) she spent in Hollywood with F. Scott Fitzgerald, then at the end of his tether. With Ghostwriter Gerold Frank, Miss Graham told that story in the bestselling *Beloved Infidel* (TIME, Nov. 24, 1958). "I was never a mistress," writes Miss Graham firmly in her current book, whose very title pays tribute to the depth of that experience. "I was a woman who loved Scott Fitzgerald for better or worse until he died."

Today, Sheila Graham has deposed Hopper and Parsons as doyenne of the Hollywood columnists. Miss Parsons is down to 69 papers, Miss Hopper to 100; the Graham column appears in 178. But the crown has lost much of its luster. In January, Miss Graham's column title was changed from *Hollywood Today* to *Hollywood Everywhere* in belated recognition of Hollywood's decline as the capital of filmland, or the capital of anything. Miss Graham herself stays away as much as she can. "I get bored with all the nonsense," she said the other day.

She has another ambition now. "I am working on being a charming old lady," she says in the last chapter of *The Rest of the Story*. "It is not easy. I have much to correct in my character."

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MUSIC

SINGERS

Two Old Pros

At 41, Judy Garland may have gone over the rainbow for the last time.

She arrived in Australia patting her stomach to show how thin she was and vowing that her drinking days were



DIETRICH IN MOSCOW
She made it mutual.

over. Sydney loved her. Then on to Melbourne and a sellout audience of 7,000 for a one-night stand at Festival Hall. They waited exactly an hour and seven minutes past curfew time for her to appear, and this was one time Judy was not worth waiting for.

Allergy in Melbourne. She stumbled onstage in her street clothes and went straight into her opening number, *When You're Smiling*. Strutting around and mugging, she invited her audience to "Let's all sing together!" but they wouldn't have any of that. "I just couldn't get out of that hotel," she said, and a voice yelled, "Have another brandy!" She didn't need one.

She got the conductor's baton away from him and began trying to conduct the 30-piece orchestra; she draped the cord of her microphone around the head of one of the violinists; she sat on a chair and seemed to be muttering to herself. She slurred through some of her songs at random. "I'm supposed to be temperamental," she explained.

The audience began to leave long before she did, but she finally stalked off, leaving the orchestra to play her signature, *Over the Rainbow*, again and again in a vain attempt to get her back.

The next day Judy's manager explained that she was suffering from an allergy that made it necessary for her to spray her throat continually, and she was whisked into an airplane for Sydney so fast that her feet barely touched the ground. There was time, though, to kiss one reporter on the mouth and answer another's question about whether she

thought she would retire. "I think so," said Judy. "I would like to do a play. I would like to do a comedy."

Affinity in Moscow. Things were different in Moscow, where an even older pro wowed her sellout audience of 1,350 in a variety theater across the river from the Kremlin. Marlene Dietrich, who left her native Germany in 1930 and refused to go back after Hitler came to power, was hailed by the Russian press as a "fighter against Fascism;" but she did her best to dodge politics—and it wasn't hard in a tight, transparent pink evening dress.

She performed the old Dietrich standbys in the old throaty stage whisper that makes every man feel as though Marlene's face were buried in his neck. Even if she is now 62, the audience loved the feeling. When it was over, she made it mutual. "I must tell you that I have loved you for a long time," she told them. "The reason I love you is because you have no lukewarm emotions—you are either very sad or very happy. I am proud to say I think I have a Russian soul myself." The curtain calls lasted for 15 minutes.

CONCERTS

Doing the Noble Thing Badly

The ideal pops concert is played in a park, and its program is as light and harmless as a passing cloud—Gershwin, Sousa, Leroy Anderson. This follows the old axiom that serious music, like aged whisky, should be saved for cold winter nights. But the music that Conductor Andre Kostelanetz chose to open the New York Philharmonic "Promenades" series last week had real substance—

Orchestras obey this law so piously that Beethoven and Brahms are rarely played outside of the basketball season.



PHILHARMONIC'S EURYDICE: BEFORE



AND SOME TIME AFTER

What Orpheus wants, Orpheus gets.

Shostakovich, Ravel, Alan Hovhannes.

Such enterprise might easily be mistaken for coming to the picnic in overcoat and vest, especially since the Philharmonic is a beginner at a game best played in Boston, and a rather stuffy beginner at that. But the mood Kostelanetz was after was something on the order of refined amusement. The stair rows of amber seats had been removed from Philharmonic Hall and replaced by tables and chairs as closely packed as in a Paris café. As the orchestra played, the audience sipped champagne and gazed around the hall. To such a cheerful atmosphere, Kostelanetz merely wanted to add music worth listening to.

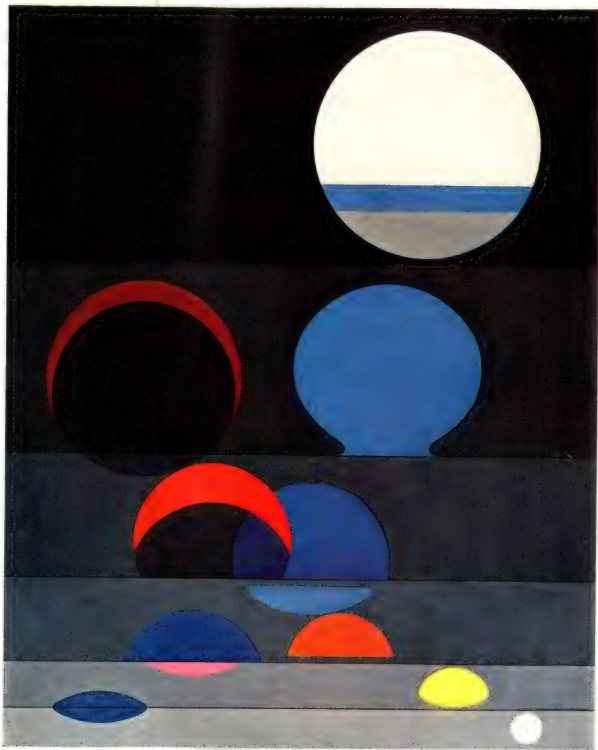
But things turned out unhappily. The modern dancers who interpreted the New York premiere of Hovhannes' *Meditations of Orpheus* danced nimbly and well, but the choreography failed to suggest much beyond a battle over a nightgown. The gown was worn by Eurydice (Dancer Cora Cahán) over flesh-colored tights and, as New York Daily News Critic Douglas Watt observed, it seemed Orpheus wanted it. (P.S.: He got it.) Excerpts from Shostakovich's *Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk* and Ravel's *Piano Concerto in G* were deformed by the Philharmonic's raucous and jarring performance.

The champagne was enough to insure the audience's good humor, but the critics could scarcely express their discontent. "A tasteless hodgepodge," said the Times. "A grab bag of cheap tricks," grumbled the News. Poor Kostelanetz—he did the noble thing, but he did it badly. He had tried to elevate the pops concert to a level beyond simple, forgettable amusement. With the response he got, he no doubt wishes he had stuck to schmalz. But the Philharmonic's program for the rest of the 20-concert series includes much that is seldom performed and deserves attention. The credit for good intentions, at least, belongs to Kostelanetz.

The art of progress is to preserve order amid change and to preserve change amid order

Alfred North Whitehead, 1861-1947

artist: herbert bayer



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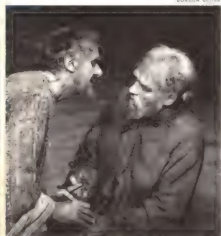
THE THEATER

Double Will from England

King Lear. The fatal flaw that mars Paul Scofield's Lear is detachment. In the Royal Shakespeare Company's version of the play now in repertory at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater, Scofield seems to see through Lear's nature and coolly contemplate Lear's fate, instead of suffering it. But Lear, like Oedipus, cannot see himself, or there would be no tragedy. He threatens to do such things as will be "the terrors of the earth," but his cruel lot is to have those things done to him. He is stretched on the rack of the world like a pagan Job without hope of redemption.

Just as the play moves from a royal court to a bare, storm-blashed heath, so Lear is changed from the man who

GORDON SMITH



LAURIE & SCOFIELD IN "LEAR"
Looking on horror coolly.

thinks he has everything to the creature who is made to know himself as "unaccommodated man," a "poor, bare, forked animal" owning nothing. It is a double fall and a double loss. The loss of his possessions scourges Lear almost physically. But it is the loss of order in human affairs and in the cosmic scheme of things that sends his mind whirling into madness. He is crushed by what crumples under him—the order of rank and authority, the order of filial devotion, and the divine order of the universe of which these earthly orders are, hopefully, the reflecting mirror. But Shakespeare was not hopeful when he wrote *Lear*; it contains his darkest and bleakest vision of human existence. He asks his tragic hero to look on horror bare, a grotesque, absurd, tin-chanted realm of meaninglessness.

To ask an actor to convey the blinding desolation of this vision may be like sending a man to do a god's work. The trouble with Scofield's performance is that he relies on technique to serve as passion. He is so cold in his rages

that one cannot believe in the warmth of his love, even for Cordelia. When he prays, "Let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven," there is no scalding terror of unreason in his voice. When he hears the dead Cordelia onstage and keens "Howl, howl, howl, howl!", she seems weightless, so hollow is his grief. And his fivefold "Never" lacks the anguished sense of the finality of death. Cordelia (Diana Rigg) is equally cool, a sort of New York career girl, brittle, lacquered, remote, more manikin than woman.

Lesser roles are better filled. Irene Worth's Goneril has poured a Borgia's venom into her veins, and Ian Richardson as the bastard Edmund has a subversive charm to match his crooked soul. Alec McCowen's Fool is refreshingly pensive rather than hopelessly antic; he jousts as well as jests with the king.

While the costuming might be labeled G.I. nondescript, the stark grey and rust panels that serve as a set temper the throbbing Shakespearean line with a dry astringency. Director Peter Brook arrests his pace with symbolic and sometimes affecting visual still lifes, most notably the blinded Gloucester sitting motionless at the center of the empty stage while the din of an offstage battle roars behind him. Brook's intelligence has shaped a *Lear* that knows its own mind and sticks uncompromisingly to it. Unfortunately, there is a hole in its heart.

The *Comedy of Errors* is either a condescending insult to American taste or a lazy lapse of British taste. The rationale behind the Royal Shakespeare's choice is obvious enough: conventionally, repertory groups alternate deep-think with no-think. After chinning itself intellectually on *King Lear*, an audience is presumed to be so exhausted that it can only cope with the slack-jawed humors of *Comedy of Errors*.

The trouble is that this tyro script of Shakespeare's is more tedious than frivolous. Not even the cast can work up a very convincing case of comic hysteria over which twin, Antipholus of Ephesus or Antipholus of Syracuse, has a wife, wears a gold chain, or has entrusted a bag of 500 ducats to his manservant. Equally low-laugh are the twin Dromios, who persistently mistake the identity of their masters and also serve by merely standing around and getting repeatedly cuffed.

During most of Act I, the players stick to the script and almost sink with it. Then, in Act II, a mad-scientist conjurer Pinch (Michael Williams) appears, and with the aid of a berserk chemistry set and a few other non-Elizabethan props takes the playgoer's mind mercifully and hilariously off the plot. As a beardless Bardlet, Shakespeare pretty much stole *The Comedy*

of *Errors* from Plautus. The only successful way to revive it now is to steal it from Shakespeare, à la *The Boys from Syracuse*, now running forever off Broadway.

Presidential Snippets

The White House takes playgoers on an anecdotal tour of the private lives of U.S. Presidents and their First Ladies. It combines the shallower features of a dramatic reading and a TV documentary. To cover the presidential span from Washington through Wilson, scenes and episodes have to be scissored to candid-camera snippets. While painless history is the mood, the recurring theme, insofar as there is one, is that sorrow, great loneliness and sometimes tragedy are the permanent occupants of the house on Pennsylvania Avenue.

Sadness dominates the dramatic high point of the evening. Mary Todd Lincoln (Helen Hayes) is undergoing a

REVIEWS BY KENNETH T. KIM



HAYES AS GRANT'S WIFE
Looking on crossed eyes fondly.

jury trial to determine her sanity. With an obvious desire to be frank, she begins to link any strangeness in her behavior to the inconsolable loss of three sons and the assassinated Abe. Just as the artless conviction of her account is taking hold, a spasm of madness shatters her face in fragments as if an earthquake had jaggedly ripped open the mind's thin crust. As Lincoln, Fritz Weaver brings timely eloquence to a pithy debate on civil rights.

Too much of *The White House* is stuffed with incidental trivia of the did-you-know variety: President Arthur was known as "His Accidency"; U. S. Grant found his wife's crossed eyes rather endearing; Andrew Jackson's wife ordered an inaugural veil with the name JACKSON stitched in lace letters from ear to ear; Mrs. Benjamin Harrison had 2,000 azalea plants delivered daily. A supple cast treats this material with greater respect than it merits, but *The White House* remains less of a tribute to the nation's highest office than a gossipy raid on its prestige.

MODERN LIVING

FASHION

All Tanked Up

Once bathing suits were sturdy little numbers, more comfortable than dazzling. But it would not do to make a vogue of the practical, and fashion dismissed tank suits with alarm, cried out for prettier versions that covered less, described more. What came in one piece soon came in two, grew teenier and weenier, until last year's bikini could barely be seen by the naked eye. The logical next step: no fashion but a felony called indecent exposure.

The jet set doesn't give a fig for propriety, wouldn't swap bikinis for Fort Knox. But most buyers and designers this year reluctantly gave ground, turned around, backtracked, and ended up where the alarm began.

Well, not quite. For while the new suits run in one loose-hanging piece from the tip of the collarbone to the top of the thigh, they are sometimes as provocative as if they were made of singlass instead of ordinary jersey and nylon knits. The most popular model has a blouse top, designed to be "loose as a fat man's undershirt," which more than fulfills its promise before nipping in just below the belly. But what the blouse obscures of the chest, it more than makes up for by leaving off the standard modest skirt, affording emphasis at the lower symphysis—an alternative for girls whose waists are going slack, and a consolation prize for men who have to look somewhere.

More high-style versions do even more concealing, can be even more revealing. Shaped rather like dancers' leotards, the most far-out have full-length sleeves. "Chic this year," explains *Harper's Bazaar*, which ought to know, "is the sheltered woman in the sun, long-sleeved swimsuit and long-stemmed woman."



COVERED UP



RAMP AT SAN FRANCISCO'S HILTON
Only a step from car to bed.

Prim as the leotards start out, they are saved by their necks at the finish. For whether laced up the front or left gaping, scooped out, cut in a V, or zippered (one hasty pull affords the shy an emergency exit), most of the models offer a plunge of sorts—not just down to, but between, in a passage as perilous as the strait between Charybdis and Scylla. It may not be quite so much fun for women, but men will find the dip infinitely more invigorating than one in the sea.

TRAVEL

The Ultimate Drive-In

Like soft-shell crabs when the carapace comes off, Americans feel naked and vulnerable outside their cars, and much Yankee ingenuity has been expended to make this unnecessary. First came the carhop, with a four-course meal at the rolling down of a window, and the motel, followed by the drive-in movie and the curbside teller's cage. Last month Macy's announced plans for a department store flanked by a spiral ramp to enable customers to park within a few yards of the counter they want to visit (*TIME*, April 10). And last week San Francisco saw the opening of a \$29 million, 1,200-room hotel where

the guest can register behind the wheel and drive to his room.

In this newest of the world's 61 Hiltons, guests register at the garage entrance, get their room keys by pneumatic tube from the main lobby, and zoom up the spiral ramp and start looking for their room number when the floor beneath the car matches the color of the key tab.

Designer of this San Francisco Hilton is Architect William Tabler, 49, who has unpinned some 60 major hotels from his drawing board—nine of them Hiltons, with three more Hiltons in the works. San Francisco's antique building codes gave him a rough time, and now that the hotel is finished, there is much head shaking over the look of it—a gleaming checkerboard of glass and marble that has been compared to a white-on-white box of Ralston.

Tabler explains that the checkerboard design is dictated by the fact that the building is braced against earthquakes not only horizontally and vertically but diagonally, and the diagonal girders run through every other square of the checkerboard. "This is the safest hotel in the world," he says. "When an earthquake comes, the people who have been criticizing the outside appearance of the hotel are going to be a lot more complimentary than they are now."

The Australians have gone the U.S.'s automotive culture one better with the Motel-Hotel Shandon in Adelaide. The building overlooks a drive-in movie, features picture windows and bedside loudspeakers for sybarites who would rather catch their double bills from a bed than a back seat.

EXURBIA

One Foot in the Air

One recent sunny Saturday, Vince Beville, 36, assistant professor of engineering at California's Fresno State College, looked up from the breakfast table and said to his wife: "Mom, pack us a lunch. Rusty here needs an outing to pass his Cub Scout test." An hour or so later Vince, Rusty, 8, Sandy, 6, and



STRIPPED DOWN

More concealing can be more revealing.

Marty, 4, taxied off, while Mom waved goodbye from the front door.

They taxied not in a taxi, though, but in the Cessna 170 they keep in the backyard hangar. The neighbors find nothing odd about that. They have airplanes in their backyards too.

They all live in a new kind of community springing up in the U.S. where the village green is an air strip, the streets are at least 80 ft. wide, and the street signs are only two feet high so that the planes' wings can clear them. The Bevelles' "town" is called Sierra Sky Park—130 acres of housing development in the San Joaquin Valley seven miles north of Fresno that is the hope and faith of a onetime flight instructor and sometime real estate salesman named William V. Smilie.

Purchase of a lot (\$4,200-\$12,650) carries with it runway privileges for two airplanes. Smilie has also staked out space for a shopping center and a motel. Residents of Sierra Sky Park

400-odd of them—about a quarter located on a body of water—enabling landlocked air families to transfer from one element to another within minutes after touching down.

Fly-in marinas range from spartan to sybaritic. A sampling:

- **BLAKELY ISLAND**, a 7-sq.-mi. member of the San Juan Archipelago off the northwest corner of the state of Washington, was bought ten years ago by Pioneer Sports Flyer Floyd Johnson, who canvassed the west coast from Mexico to Canada to find an island he could turn into a flyer's private paradise. Johnson has left most of Blakely wild, has put a 2,400-ft. lighted landing strip (planted in grass) in one corner and surrounded it with lots for no more than 200 families, plus a comfortable clubhouse and one of the finest marinas on the coast. Many of Blakely's youngish colonists—well-heeled manufacturers, ranchers, contractors and lettuce kings—use their houses on the island

sargo. Since Salton Sea is 234 ft. below sea level, speed enthusiasts also like to test the theory that engines run better and boats go faster because the air is denser there.

- **THE OCEAN REEF CLUB**, with 1,800 acres and a 3,000-ft. landing strip on Florida's Key Largo about 15 minutes' flight from Miami, is one of the many sport resorts in the east coast's southern waters that are encouraging fly-in visitors. "We're trying to get more of the rendezvous business," says Manager Robert Trier. "Like a club from Pompano that flew in recently, had breakfast with us and took off again."

GAMES

Whats-Its

Tom Swifties were barely buried and done with when the elephant gags came along. And no sooner had those grey flat footsteeps faded than the whats-it jokes took over, and what's black and



BACKYARD PLANEPORT AT SIERRA SKY PARK



BLAKELY ISLAND'S FLY-IN MARINA

Not everyone taxis in a taxi.

think nothing of going to lunch with friends 300 miles away. In fact, they tend to cultivate far-flung friendships—it gives them an excuse to fly.

Dr. John A. Bendall, 52, a general practitioner, who started a similar landing-strip community at Yucca Valley, Calif., in 1956, now has nine neighbors who own their own planes and patients scattered over hundreds of miles who fly their own planes in to see him. "It's a wonderful place—and way—to live," says Real Estate Man Jules Boldizar, who has a house on Bendall's Yucca strip. "A couple of weeks ago, 24 of us—in separate planes, of course—flew to Las Vegas for the weekend and had a grand time. Last summer my wife and I and three of our neighbors flew in four planes to Florida."

One Element to Another. The need for places to fly is planting the land with resorts that offer airborne tourists various versions of sporting life and change of scene. There are currently

all the year round, husbands commuting to work by air.

- **SKYLINE MARINA** is on another San Juan island, Fidalgo. While not so exclusive and luxurious as Blakely, it is well equipped with facilities for both boats and aircraft, and caters especially to fishing enthusiasts, who cherish its salmon and sea bass.

- **HAVASU LAKE**, in western Arizona, is part of a model city now abloom in the desert under the aegis of Los Angeles Saw King Robert McCulloch. McCulloch confidently expects his two-runway recreation center to be one of the principal drawing cards for the project.

- **THE NORTH SHORE YACHT CLUB** on the landlocked 44-mile-long Salton Sea, once a part of the Gulf of California, has 2,300 dues-paying members, and a 2,600-ft. landing strip, from which visitors may transform themselves into sea dogs and start trolling within minutes of arrival for such specialized game fish as corvina (which go to 20 lbs.) and

white and red all over turned out to be no newspaper, after all, but a bleeding nun.

Other examples:

Q. What is black and yellow and squeals when you turn it over?

A. A school bus.

Q. What is black and lives in trees and is very dangerous?

A. A crow with a submachine gun.

Q. What is purple and weighs 2,000 pounds and lives at the bottom of the sea?

A. Moby Plum.

Q. What is grey, has four legs and a trunk?

A. A mouse on vacation.

Q. What is covered with salt and has a twisted mind?

A. A thinking pretzel.

Q. What is soft, yellow and lethal?

A. Shark-infested custard.

Q. What is brown, has two humps and lives at the North Pole?

A. A lost camel.

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MEDICINE

HOSPITALS

Life in a Life Island

Infection in hospitals runs in a vicious circle. Many a patient enters because of infection, and the doctors must try not only to cure him but to keep his germs from other patients who are particularly susceptible because their resistance is low. Achieving the necessary germ-free atmosphere, though, is far easier said than done.

Last week, at the Medical College of Virginia Hospital in Richmond, Dr. Boyd Withers Haynes Jr. had two burn patients recovering rapidly in virtually germ-free surroundings, thanks to an ingenious device. The "Life Island," as its inventor, Frank E. Matthews, an ex-Navyman, calls it, looks like a plastic huddle completely enclosing the hospital bed. It has a console of Buck Rogers gadgets at the foot. Dr. Haynes is testing two Life Islands for the U.S. Army Surgeon General's office, and there is another at the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto.

Zippered In. After Dr. Haynes's patients had had their burns treated, the rest of their bodies was scrubbed with detergent. Their heads were shampooed and their fingernails trimmed and cleaned. To keep down bacteria that normally live inside the nose, Dr. Haynes gave them an antibiotic. Then the patients were put to bed in the pre-sterilized Life Island, and its long zipper was closed.

But they had no need to suffer claustrophobia. As soon as they were zipped in, the plastic envelope was inflated with double-filtered air, delivered under pressure. The envelope is transparent; they could see all around, and they could talk

through it without raising their voices.

When a nurse wanted to give them food or medicine or a bedpan, she took it from a sterile cabinet, pushed it through an outer port in the console and closed the door. Automatically, ultraviolet radiation was switched on to kill off late-arriving bacteria. Then she slipped her hands into the long gloves built into the side of the plastic. With these, she could reach any part of the interior. She opened the inner port of the air-lock and passed the article to the patient. When he had finished, whether with meal tray or bedpan, he put it in a plastic bag that went out through the air-lock after a pause for ultraviolet to sterilize its exterior.

Working with her gloved hands through the side, the nurse can take a patient's temperature or dress his wounds. There are electrical connections embedded in the plastic so that many tests and treatments can be given without destroying the internal sterility.

Lister's Dream. Protection against infection is especially important for burn patients because their wounds are large and the dead tissue is a rich soil for bacteria. It is no less important for transplant patients and for many others on high doses of cortisone-type drugs, whose resistance to infection is reduced.

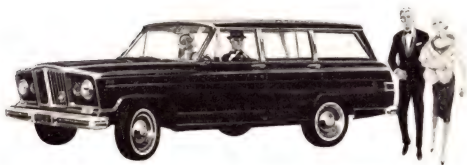
Some pioneering surgeons are already putting patients into similar plastic bags and performing major operations through glove ports. It should not be long before many patients can have a truly sterile operation, fulfilling Joseph Lister's dream of aseptic surgery, and then be moved into the sterile isolator for recovery—something that not even Lister dared to hope for.



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World's largest-selling air conditioners

FEDDERS

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Welcome Home

Such is the Supreme Court's reluctance to overturn an Act of Congress that in 28 years it has done so only eight times—nearly always on the ground of safeguarding individual rights. Last week the court cautiously did it again by voting 5 to 3 to throw out a federal statute that strips naturalized Americans of U.S. citizenship if they return to their native country for three or more years. The ruling evidently makes equally unenforceable a companion statute that has the same effect on



APPELLANT SCHNEIDER
As good as the natives.

naturalized Americans who live in any foreign country for five years.

Winner of last week's case was German-born Mrs. Angelika L. Schneider, who immigrated to the U.S. as a child in 1939, became a citizen in 1950 and graduated from Smith College in 1954. After marrying a German lawyer in 1956, Mrs. Schneider went to live in Cologne. On applying for a new U.S. passport three years later, she was turned down as no longer a U.S. citizen under Section 352 of the 1952 Immigration and Nationality Act. This ruling also split her four sons' nationalities, since two of them were born in Germany after the three-year limit. To make herself and all of her boys American, she appealed to the court.

Congress enacted the expatriation rules to avoid squabbles with other countries in behalf of naturalized Americans who "only claim citizenship when it suits their purpose." But the rules do not apply to native-born Americans, who can live abroad as long as they please, and it may well be that this disparity presumes for naturalized Americans a kind of second-class citizenship.

In his majority opinion last week, Justice William O. Douglas rejected

"the impermissible assumption that naturalized citizens are less reliable and bear less allegiance to this country." Their rights and those of the native-born "are of the same dignity and are coexistent," said Douglas. "The only difference drawn by the Constitution is that only the 'natural-born' citizen is eligible to be President." In dissenting, Justice Tom C. Clark argued that Mrs. Schneider "wishes to retain her citizenship on a stand-by basis for her own benefit in the event of trouble. There is no constitutional necessity for Congress to accede to her wish." The court majority disagreed. Along with Mrs. Schneider, 50,000 other ex-Americans (mostly living in Europe) may now seek restored U.S. citizenship, if not election to the presidency.

LAWYERS

The Pathfinders

Chief Justice Earl Warren opened the meeting with a cry for help. U.S. courts must "repair the dislocations of a changing, burgeoning and increasingly complicated social order," he said. The law's delay is worse than ever. "There can be no justice in the real sense when litigants must wait years for their cases to be heard and decided."

On that theme, the 1,500-member American Law Institute opened its 41st annual meeting last week at Washington's Mayflower Hotel. Unlike conventional conventioners, the 500 members present were there for sober work. The institute (dues: \$35 a year) taps only the ablest, most dedicated judges, lawyers and law professors in the land.

High on last week's agenda was a Warren-inspired project, financed by the Ford Foundation, to ease the workload in case-clogged federal courts. A key problem: the right of litigants from different states to use federal courts in cases involving more than \$10,000. Such "diversity suits" (18,990 last year) can be halved in federal courts, urged an institute preliminary report, if the old right is sensibly curbed so that many suits do not automatically escalate into federal cases. If the institute has its way, for example, a person suing in his home state will no longer be able to ask for federal jurisdiction simply because the defendant is a citizen of another state.

Clarifying & Simplifying. Arcane as they may sound to laymen, such subtleties reflect the institute's lofty goal: "To promote the clarification and simplification of the law and its better adaptation to social needs." Source of that idea was Elihu Root, then "dean of the American bar," who in 1923 founded the institute with the cooperation of such other legal eminences as Benjamin Cardozo, Learned Hand, Roscoe Pound, Harlan Fiske Stone and Harvard's Samuel Williston, author of such law-school

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classics as *Williston on Contracts*. "The two chief defects in American law," they fretted, "are its uncertainty and its complexity." This led to the question: what exactly was U.S. law?

With hefty grants from the Carnegie Corporation, the institute began its now monumental "restatement"—a gold-mining search for the essential principles of U.S. law. Codified in 24 volumes, the results clarified everything from *Agency* to the *Law of Trusts*—each field exhaustively panned by a top-flight academic (or "reporter"), then endlessly sifted by expert "advisers" in the field, then refined by the institute's 30-member council and finally approved by the full membership.

Business & Crime. All this took years—17 for the five-volume *Restatement of the Law of Property*—and meanwhile the courts ground out new decisions that often outdated the work. In 1951 the institute got enough Mellon money to start continuous revision and a second series of restatements, which is still far from finished. Despite their difficulties, the present restatements are so authoritative that by last month they had been cited in 32,422 appellate court decisions alone.

Jointly with the American Bar Association, the institute now runs a nationwide program of "continuing legal education" that aids lawyers through courses, pamphlets and a 16,000-subscriber magazine, *The Practical Lawyer*. The institute is completing a restatement of foreign-relations law, is mulling over others on the laws of labor, copyright, and such land-use problems as zoning (one of U.S. law's messiest fields). In recent years, the institute has gone beyond restatements of common-law rules in an effort to improve the law through legislation—honing model codes that state legislators may take as guides. Most effective so far: the 1952 Uniform Commercial Code, which coordinates all business transactions and has been enacted by 30 states from Oregon to Massachusetts. Equally impressive is the 1962 Model Penal Code, a blend of enlightened law and behavioral science that sharply clarifies such emotion-clouded problems as insanity, obscenity, sex offenses, and the death penalty. Widely cited, copied and acclaimed, the code has already stirred criminal-law revisions in states from New York to California.

"The purpose of the law is to discipline and harmonize, not to reflect momentary public passions," says the penal code's chief reporter, Columbia Law Professor Herbert Wechsler, who became the institute's director last year. A noted critic of the Supreme Court—for its reasoning rather than its decisions—Wechsler faults the court for being overly attentive to narrow claims. He seeks "neutral principles" transcending particular cases and parties. For four decades, that has been the goal of the Law Institute itself. And Wechsler obviously hopes to keep it that way.



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ART

Opening Nights

During the past decade, the U.S. State Department has tried to put its best façade forward in building more than 30 new embassies and consulates. In The Hague, Marcel Breuer built a blunt, lantern-windowed structure as stolid as a Dutch door. In Athens, Walter Gropius used the same Penticlic marble that forms the Parthenon. Edward Durell Stone's grillwork adorns New Delhi like a Hindu temple. In Baghdad, José Luis Sert put up a tentlike structure fit for a caliph and cooled by channels of river water. Saarinen warmed his Oslo embassy with teak screens; Yamasaki lightened his Kobe consulate with airy Japanese panels. The openings of U.S. embassies have come to be as eagerly anticipated as big Broadway first nights. This month the State Department opens two.

In Mexico City, where the press of tourism and business requires the U.S. to maintain its second biggest embas-

sy (after London), the new building is a functional, if spiritless, product of Texas Architects R. Max Brooks and Llewellyn Pitts. Basically it is a chunky, \$5,000,000 rectangular marble box rising six stories above some elegant but unrelated granite vaultwork. Since much of Mexico City sits on what was a lake, the building must be broad-footed to avoid sinking into muddy subsoil. A Mexican engineer, Leonardo Zeevaert, designed a displacement foundation that is in effect a watertight ship, and the weight of the building that it supports exactly equals the weight of the soil removed in excavation. Mexicans call it "the floating embassy."

By comparison the smaller \$1,000,000 Dublin embassy, designed by Connecticut Architect John M. Johansen, is exciting in design and construction. Its cylindrical shape, on a 110-ft. diameter, presents, says Johansen, a "façade that turns its back on no one." Made of concrete precast in Holland, the basic structural element is a twisted I, which, multiplied and dovetailed together, turns window frames into walls.

This vigorous façade weaves through space like the interlacing illuminations in the Irish *Book of Kells*. Set on a rusticated granite base, the moated turret echoes ancient Celtic round castles scattered across the green countryside, recalls the Martello towers built to defend Ireland's coasts during Napoleonic times. Johansen even made studies of how soot streaks the concrete so that the walls would weather with character. The embassy bespeaks an understanding of the nation it was built to befriend.

In the Right Hands

His huge, enigmatic abstract slabs of saturated oil are widely sought after, but Clyfford Still, 60, is pretty picky about who gets them. "A painting in the wrong hands," he says, "is a highly dangerous force, like an equation." He

tells about a young man who wanted to buy several of his works and asked, "Mr. Still, what are you trying to say?" Still answered: "You want an epigram, don't you?" The young man nodded. "So I threw him out," said Still.

Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art had to wait two years to buy a Still. But Buffalo's burgeoning Albright-Knox Art Gallery is a museum to Still's taste. He admired Director Gordon Smith's willingness in 1959 to show 72 Still paintings all at once, because Still believes that he cannot be understood properly in small doses. Last week he gave 31 paintings (estimated value: more than \$1,000,000) to the Albright-Knox, possibly an all-time record for an artist's generosity.

Hot Capriccios

Philip C. Curtis paints like no one else under the sun, in whose bright bath he lives on the Arizona desert near Phoenix. Born in Michigan 57 years ago, and trained in art at Yale, Curtis moved to Arizona mostly to soothe a severe case of arthritis. Yet his parched art now appears as if it were formed solely in the spread-eagle landscape, the quartz-clear air, and the human isolation of a land where nature seems without scale. The figures in his paintings float like mirages, their pinpoint eyes sad as those of pedestrians in hell.

This mystical country stirs such admiration in Arizona that five years ago Phoenix boosters formed a syndicate to finance Curtis for three years' work. Then Manhattan's Knoedler & Co. took him on, selling his better oils at \$3,000 apiece. Now the bachelor artist lives in a cool wooden bungalow on a dirt road called Cattle Track, paints prolifically and has no link to any school.

Style in Curtis is closer to old-fashioned capriccios than to surrealism. He puts familiar objects in unfamiliar settings with cavalier abandon. Almost every dreamlike painting is set on an undifferentiated desert stage. Bearded sages tote trays of naked dolls on their heads as if bearing man's fate on their minds, while disputing some unknown subject. A balloon hobs over a barren strand carrying a pipe organ. In *The Drummer* (see opposite page) the images on flaking and fading billboards alternate between stage flats and solid figures in a wistful play of appearance and reality.

Curtis charges his thin, unpainterly work, stronger in thought than technique, with static neurosis. He uses the color red liberally because, says he, it "has a sort of unrelated strength and isn't seen much in nature." He uses doorways and chairs in abundance. "An empty chair has great impact," he notes. "Sometimes I think chairs are thrown out because there is so much of a person in it that he can't stand it any longer." He likes to point out that psychiatrists admire his work. His painted desert provokes the viewer to questions like un verbal, mysterious charades.



U.S. EMBASSY IN MEXICO CITY



TOWER-SHAPED EMBASSY IN DUBLIN
Putting the best façade forward.

HALLUCINATIONS IN THE DESERT

PHILIP C. CURTIS' *The Drummer* (1957) is moody image of tattered remnant of some forgotten gaiety.



BAGGED PLAYERS in *The Meeting* (1960) attracts the eye with blatant irony set in feverish colors.



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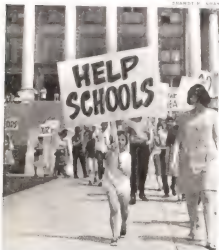
TEACHERS

Utah: Off Limits

The powerful National Education Association, spokesman for 902,000 classroom teachers, frowns on the words "strike" and "boycott"—they describe highly unprofessional behavior. But in Utah last week, 10,000 N.E.A. teachers went on a two-day "recess" while the association voted "sanctions" against the whole state, and for all Utah knew it might just as well have been struck and boycotted.

The blast was aimed at one target, Republican Governor George Dewey Clyde. The Utah Education Association, the N.E.A. affiliate that represents 98% of the state's public-school teachers, thought it had wrung a concession from Clyde last summer when he named a committee to investigate their demands for more money to run the schools. A fortnight ago, the committee recommended spending \$6,000,000 on selective wage increases (average salary: \$5,900), hiring new teachers, buying more books and equipment. Clyde rejected the report the day it came out. The U.E.A. at once called a strike—causing one father of four to observe: "It isn't easy to be stupider than Clyde, but the teachers managed it."

The teachers voted not to sign contracts for the 1964-65 academic year. Nevertheless, it seemed likely that they would be back at their blackboards this fall. Elections are coming up in November for a new legislature (40 teachers are candidates) and a new governor (Clyde cannot succeed himself). Rather than stay off the job, the U.E.A. will probably pressure the seven gubernatorial candidates for a commitment to educational spending, then grandly declare that the next move is up to the politicians who are elected.



PICKETS BEFORE THE STATE CAPITOL
To force the Governor's hand.



TOUGALOO STUDENTS ON CAMPUS
To break the cycle of the poor reproducing the poor.

UNIVERSITIES

The Adopt-a-School Plan

Southern Negro colleges may be theoretically obsolete in an integrationist era, but they are a practical necessity for a long time to come. Accepting this fact, foundations have since last fall showered money on impoverished Negro colleges. Encouraged by the American Council of Education, which sees big-scale Northern university aid as the most practicable way of raising Negro college standards decisively and quickly, more than a dozen Northern schools are exchanging faculty members and students with Southern partners. California's Pomona, for example, is matched with Nashville's Fisk. Pennsylvania's Haverford and Bryn Mawr with North Carolina's Livingstone. Cornell with Virginia's Hampton Institute.

The University of Michigan and Tuskegee Institute, in a wider collaboration, are reforming Tuskegee's curriculum in biology, chemistry, engineering and veterinary medicine. Last week Rhode Island's prosperous Brown University and Mississippi's Tougaloo College announced the most ambitious "big brother" arrangement yet.

"Cancer College." The Tougaloo campus, just outside Jackson, is an old Faulknerian plantation dotted with moss-hung oaks. A rundown ante-bellum mansion serves as the administration building. It is the only integrated school in Mississippi: Jackson racists call it "Cancer College." The dean of students, Methodist Minister R. Edwin King, keeps as a souvenir a charred K.K.K. cross—"the handy field model," he jokes—that was set afire this spring on Tougaloo's campus.

The college has a faculty of 34 (half white, half Negro) and a student body of half a dozen whites and 500 Negroes. "We get some students with good potential, but they are undereducated—if they are educated at all," said Adam Beittel, the white president of Tougaloo.

"What they need more than anything else is someone who can give them motivation."

Cram Courses. Foundation grants of \$363,000 will pay for some basic necessities. Faculty salary ceilings will be raised from \$6,500 to \$8,000, to slow down a high turnover rate. The library will be expanded beyond its meager list of 33,000 titles. Brown's share of the job will be to supply what money cannot buy: higher academic standards.

Brown graduate students and professors will go to Tougaloo on one-year assignments to beef up its overloaded staff (only the English department has more than three teachers) and improve instruction in several departments taught by men without doctorates. Tougaloo, in turn, plans to send promising graduates to Providence for a fifth year of study, enabling them to go on to get advanced degrees. Jointly, Tougaloo and Brown will expand the college's curriculum, add a tutorial system.

Starting this summer, Tougaloo will conduct and Brown will supervise five-week remedial classes in English, math and geography for incoming Tougaloo freshmen. Negro high school graduates in Mississippi are usually so far behind normal U.S. standards that they spend the first year or two catching up with college-level courses. Since three-fourths of Tougaloo's graduates become teachers, the cram courses will help to break a melancholy cycle of Southern Negro education that produces poor teachers from inferior segregated schools, who teach a new generation of poor students, who in turn become the next generation of poor teachers.

Brown, with only 37 American Negroes among its student body of 4,300, expects to profit from the partnership by what it will learn firsthand about the Southern Negro. Said President Barnaby C. Keeney: "We welcome the opportunity to participate directly in what could become the most significant educational experiment of this generation."

SPORT

YACHTING

For Country & for Mug

Monopolies tend to dull with age, and sporting monopolies are hardly sport at all. The Yankees, for all their skills, are now New York's "second team" with the fans. But there is one ancient monopoly that only grows more exciting with the years. That is the U.S. hold on the America's Cup—symbol of international supremacy in yachting. By the end of this summer, a doughty group of British yachtsmen will have spent close to \$600,000 in an attempt to remove the ungainly, Victorian cup from its accustomed place of honor in the New York Yacht Club. And an equally determined and even more affluent collection of U.S. yachtsmen will have spent at least twice as much to keep the coveted trophy right where it is.

All told, foreign sailors have traveled across the oceans to compete 18 times since 1851, when the schooner *America* started it all by trouncing a fleet of the fastest boats Britain could muster. Every challenger has returned home emptyhanded. In 1958 Britain's *Sceptre* went down to a humiliating four straight defeats by the U.S.'s *Columbia*; two years ago, Australia's *Greuel* lost 4-1 to *Weatherly* and its master tactician Bus Moshbacher. Now it is Britain's turn again, and the Royal Thames Yacht Club means to make a sterner test of it. Off Newport, R.I.,

this summer, two new British twelves will fight it out for the right to challenge the U.S. in the best-of-seven series. They are *Sovereign*, owned by London Financier Anthony Boyden, 36, and *Kurrewa V* (pronounced *Co-roo-aa*), jointly financed by British and Australian money and skippered by British Yachtsman Owen Parker, 31.

Made-in-U.S. Look. Both boats were designed by Britain's David Boyd, whose first twelve was *Sceptre*. But Boyd thinks he has learned about blue-water sailing since then. Gone are *Sceptre*'s tubby lines: the new boats have a swift, made-in-U.S. look with sharp, clean bows, narrow hulls and wide sterns. They could be twins except for the keels: *Sovereign*'s is V-shaped and knife sharp, while *Kurrewa*'s is heavier and rounded.

The two met for the first time three weeks ago off the Isle of Wight, and have been going at it in all weather ever since. So far there is little to choose between them. In eight races, *Sovereign* has won five times, *Kurrewa* three. Old *Sceptre* was there too—as a trial horse, and a mighty worrisome one at that. One day she beat *Sovereign*, and on another day showed her stern to *Kurrewa*, leading the Times of London to grumble: "We have heard a great deal about experimenting with different sails and techniques, but the awful suspicion grows that neither *Sovereign* nor her sister, *Kurrewa*, may be as good as people hoped." But the Royal Thames sailors put it all down to green crews and believe that the new boats will be far superior to *Sceptre* after the shakedown sessions are over. Says Kenneth Poland, vice commodore of the Royal Thames: "We are already talking about where we will defend the Cup after we've won it."

Two Plus Three. That may take some doing. *Weatherly* is resting peacefully

in a Connecticut boatyard, and Bus Moshbacher is busy in Manhattan minding his oil investment business. "I've had it," he says. "Never again—though I might buy a powerboat to watch the races." But the U.S. is hardly begging for Cup defenders. Last week a spanking new U.S. twelve went down the ways; a second new twelve was launched the week before, and three veteran boats were fitting out to compete for the honor of defending the "auld mug."

American Eagle, which hit the water at Stamford, Conn. last week, is Boat-builder A. E. ("Bill") Luders' first Cup yacht and the most daring twelve ever designed. Other twelves have slightly crowned decks to add strength to the hull; *Eagle*'s is pancake flat to give the crew better footing and to lower the center of gravity so the boat will stand up straight in strong winds. Most modern twelves have a reverse-sloping transom—an ugly but useful device to save weight—but Luders achieves the same end by tapering deck and hull to a pointed stern.

To lessen drag, *Eagle*'s new tab-shaped rudder is much smaller than usual and is tucked farther forward than in most twelves. And for a jib, she will carry a huge new cross-cut genoa that is supposed to hold its shape better than old jibs. *Eagle*'s 36-man syndicate is headed by Pierre du Pont and New York Yacht Club Commodore H. Irving Pratt and includes the recently divorced Mrs. Briggs Cunningham who donated the same silver dollar to place under *Eagle*'s mast that rode under *Columbia*'s when Cunningham captained it in the 1958 defense. *Eagle*'s skipper: William S. Cox, 51, an international champion in small boats, whose lack of extensive big-boat experience is offset by a crew full of Cup veterans.

Constellation, the other new twelve, comes from Olin Stephens, 56, who has already designed two of the world's fastest twelves, *Vim* and *Columbia*. She is,



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AP/WIDEWORLD

Maori word for fast swimming fish



"AMERICAN EAGLE" WITH TAPERED STERN & "CONSTELLATION"
Also masts that bend and rudders like scimitars.



CLARK DRIVING A LOTUS-FORD
Back to settle the matter.



MARSHMAN IN A LOTUS-FORD



WARD IN A FORD-POWERED SPECIAL

AUTO RACING

Ford on the Pole

It was the biggest crowd of the year to attend a U.S. sporting event. At Indianapolis' Motor Speedway last week, 250,000 spectators jammed into the stands to watch the world's fastest racing cars blast around the 2½-mile oval. Who won the race? There was no race. The Indianapolis 500 isn't until this week, and these were merely the qualification trials. But they pitted a new breed of rear-engined racers against the reigning kings of the Brickyard, the burly front-engined Offenhausers that have won every 500 for the past 17 years. No auto buff within driving distance wanted to miss any of the fun.

Everyone remembered last year when three tiny, British-built Lotuses powered by rear-mounted Ford engines showed up to challenge the Offies. They looked like go-karts, and their drivers were sports-car types, not Indy men. But then Grand Prix Champion Jimmy Clark, 28, drove one Lotus to second place, the U.S.'s Dan Gurney put another in seventh, and a roaring argument exploded over what might have been if Parnelli Jones's leading Offy had not dumped half its oil in front of the fast-closing Clark 25 laps from the finish. Now the rear-engined boys were back to settle the matter once and for all.

Records All Around. Clark and Gurney were both on hand with new Lotus-Fords—along with seven other drivers with Ford engines behind them. Nor were these the same souped-up versions of the old family Fairlane engine that raced in 1963. For this year, Ford had a brand-new, strictly racing engine with an aluminum block, double overhead camshaft, and a fuel injection system that cranked up close to 420 h.p.

First out of the pits was Clark, his exhaust winding up in a high, thin scream. For four laps, he howled around the track, and clockers stared openmouthed at the time: an average 158.8 m.p.h. per lap, an astonishing 7.7 m.p.h. faster than the track record set by Jones last year. Then came Bobby Marshman, 27, an Indy veteran and an ex-Offy man now driving for Lotus-Ford. In practice, he had roared around the track at an incredible 160.1 m.p.h. He settled for an average 157.8 m.p.h. during the qualification trials. Next was Roger Ward, still another old Offy man who brought out his new Ford-engined car and qualified at 156.4 m.p.h.

By dint of superb driving, those two

old front-engine diehards, Jones and A. J. Foyt, pushed their standard Offies into fourth and fifth starting position, but then Gurney, taking it cool, slipped into sixth position in a Lotus-Ford. The qualification runs go on until this week, when the top 33 cars are chosen to compete on Memorial Day. There is always a chance that someone with a hot engine, front or rear, will rack up an even more spectacular time. Offy itself, after a year of experimenting, has a rear-mounted engine, and 14 of the 61 entries at Indianapolis were running with Offies behind. But they seemed far slower than the Fords, and the best a rear-mounted Offy could do by week's end was 153.8 m.p.h. to qualify in 8th position.

Big Question. The trials are not the race, and Offy partisans concede nothing. They point out that the Fords, for all their speed, are new engines, and the 500 is a machinery-destroying grind. But at the start at least, it looks as if the pole, the entire three-car first row, and four out of the first six positions belonged to Ford-in-the-rear. Growled Parnelli Jones: "Those Fords are pushing us Offy boys pretty hard."

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► California: the Western Intercollegiate Rowing championship on San Diego's Mission Bay, beating Washington by one-half length. Rowing against strong tides over a 2,000-meter course, the undefeated Golden Bear crew pulled away from Washington at 1,000 meters, held its margin with a strong 40 strokes per minute, became early favorites, along with Harvard, for the Olympic trials this July.

► Overtrick: the \$50,000 International Pace at New York's Yonkers Raceway, in 3 min., 34 sec., only ¼ sec. off the world pacing record for 1½ miles. The victory squashed rumors that Overtrick had gone lame, added \$25,000 to the big bay colt's lifetime earnings, which now amount to \$344,902.

► Mickey Wright, 29: first-place money (\$1,250) in the Muskogee (Okla.) Civitan Open golf tournament with a three-over-par 213, nine strokes better than second-place Marlene Hagge. The victory, fourth in six tournaments this year, brought her 1964 winnings to \$7,400, almost twice as much as any other woman golf pro.

he says, "a lot like *Columbia*, with some tendency to fill out the bow more." But he does have a few new tricks: a scimitar-shaped rudder something like *Engle's* and a radical new mast whose top third is made out of titanium, and can be bent back by guy wires without danger of snapping, to give the sails the best possible set. Under *Constellation's* mast is a spike from its Revolutionary War forebearer. *Constellation's* owners: Manhattan Real Estate Man Walter S. Gubelmann, Commodore Harold Vanderbilt, Briggs Cunningham and 28 top-notch yachtsmen. Skipper: Eric Ridder, 45, who has raced to more than a dozen ocean victories as captain of Gubelmann's famed yawl *Windigo* and has chosen a crew seasoned with *Windigo* sailors. They have already been training for six weeks on an old twelve rebuilt to match *Constellation's* deck layout.

Veterans & Families. Then there is *Nefertiti*, which narrowly lost out to *Weatherly* last time and has undergone extensive face lifting. "Among other things, we've made the keel finer to offer less resistance," says Skipper Ted Hood, 37. "She ought to be as effective in heavy air as she was in '62 and a good deal better in light air." *Columbia*, the 1958 victor, will be on hand with the first West Coast crew ever to take a crack at Cup competition. Cornelius Shields has sold her to California Yachtsman Thomas Patrick Dougan, and her new skipper will be Walter Podolak, 50, whose 10-meter yacht *Cuquille* dominates racing in its class along the West Coast, has won 14 of its last 15 races. And finally *Easterner*, Boston Banker Chandler Hovey's "family boat," will be back for one last try at yachting's Holy Grail. "We have changed the rigging," says Skipper Charles Hovey, 55, the owner's son. "The spreader has been narrowed, and also we'll use new sails."

This week *Eagle*, *Constellation* and *Columbia* will tack out into Long Island Sound for the first shakedown cruises. Next week comes the initial "command performance" at the New York Yacht Club's spring regatta. All through the long summer the club's selection committee will hold preliminary trials leading up to the finals beginning Aug. 17. It is far too early for yachtsmen to talk about a favorite for the Cup defense off Newport on Sept. 15. But the odds favor the new boats. Only once in the past has an older boat won out. And that was *Weatherly*, with Bus Moshbacher doing the sailing.

RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

Praying It in English

When a Roman Catholic priest turns to address his congregation at Mass this fall, no longer will he mumble "*Dominus vobiscum*." Instead, he will pray it in English: "The Lord be with you." The historic language switch in the Mass, authorized by the Liturgical Constitution of last fall's session of the Vatican Council, is at last firmly set in the U.S. Enacted by the 245 Catholic bishops of the U.S., it has now been confirmed by the Holy See.

The revisions will put nearly half the Mass and all the sacraments, except holy orders, into English. In both low and solemn Masses, Latin will be retained for the beginning prayers at the foot of the altar and for the canon, the central prayer of the celebration. But the Epistle and Gospel and all the chants of the Mass—the introit, gradual, offertory and communion verses—will be in English, and so will a number of prayers that will be recited by priest and congregation together: the *Kyrie eleison* (Lord, have mercy on us), the Gloria, the Creed, the Sanctus at the beginning of the canon, and the Lord's Prayer. Also in English will be a new Prayer of the Faithful, in which the congregation will be asked to pray for such causes as the church, the bishops, all Christians, and (by name) the sick and dead of the parish.

The amount of English approved by the bishops was considerably more than many lay Catholics expected; the quality of the language, however, will be considerably below what Episcopalians have in their stately *Book of Common Prayer*. All Bible readings will be taken from the still-incomplete Confraterni-

ty version, a reliable but sometimes leaden-footed translation begun in 1945 by scholars of the Catholic Biblical Association of America. Other parts of the Mass will be in a version that synthesizes various translations found in Catholic missals, The Gloria, for example, begins: "Glory to God in the highest. And on earth peace to men of good will. We praise you, We bless you. We worship you. We give you thanks for your great glory."

A few conservative bishops may try to stall off the switch to English as long as possible, but most U.S. dioceses will probably make the change on the first Sunday of Advent (Nov. 29), the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. Sweeping as the revisions seem, they are only the beginning. In Rome, the Vatican Council's Liturgical Commission is at work on a major revamping of the structure of the liturgy, which will prune off many rites and prayers that were added to the original Roman Mass, provide a greater variety of scriptural readings.

CHRISTIANS & JEWS

Combating Contempt

"The worst deed of the Jewish people, the murder of the Messiah, resulted in the greatest blessings for mankind," says a widely used Roman Catholic textbook, reflecting what has been for centuries a commonplace of Christian thinking. The teaching not only fosters anti-Semitism but also is historically wrong, according to a new book called *The Teaching of Contempt* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$4), by the late French-Jewish historian Jules Isaac.

Isaac turned to the critical study of anti-Semitism during World War II, when his wife and daughter were killed by the Nazis. In 1960, three years before his death, he urged his friend Pope John XXIII to express publicly the Roman Catholic Church's opposition to anti-Semitism, which the bishops of the Vatican Council plan to do at the third session this fall. In *Contempt*, Isaac closely examined three fundamental misconceptions about Judaism that found their way into Christian thinking—and argued that none of them had much basis in fact.

Shifting the Blame. Answering the charge of deicide, Isaac points out that it is illogical to blame an entire people, most of whom never heard of Jesus, for the crime of a few. Even Peter, in *The Acts of the Apostles*, says that the Jews had condemned Christ out of ignorance, not knowing him to be the Son of God. Isaac does not deny that some Jewish leaders in Jerusalem were involved in the plot against Jesus, but he argues (and quotes Christian scholars who support him) that the Gospels, written at the time when Christianity was forsaking its Jewish origins to convert the

gentile, tend to shift the blame for the Crucifixion from the Romans to the Jews. Pontius Pilate, for example, appears as a weak but well-meaning governor instead of the brutal autocrat other sources make him out to be.

Historically, Isaac points out, the least justifiable of the Christian misconceptions about Judaism is that the Jews became the object of divine wrath for killing Jesus, and were dispersed into homeless exile after Jerusalem was destroyed by Roman troops in A.D. 70. The Jews began to emigrate from Palestine more than 500 years before Christ, and, far from being destroyed after Christ's death, they staged powerful uprisings against the Romans in the 2nd and 4th centuries. The very period of supposed exile was the time when Palestinian scholars united to transcribe the oral teachings of the rabbis into the first written Talmud.

What destroyed Palestinian Judaism over the course of centuries was a combination of war, rebellion and emigration. The effective end came in 1099 with the First Crusade, when Christianity's noble lords crowded the Jews into the synagogues of Jerusalem and set them aflame.

Christian theologians have often claimed that the Judaism of Jesus' time was decadent, "a world of ossified belief in the letter, of a narrow-minded caste spirit and materialistic piety," as the German Catholic Theologian Karl Adam put it. On the contrary, Isaac argues, the two centuries before Jesus' birth marked an era of great spiritual vitality, which produced both the beautiful writings of the Apocrypha and the flowering of the synagogue as a faith-renewing institution. Many of Jesus' own sayings can be traced to the teachings of the much-abused Pharisees, notably the great Rabbi Hillel (circa 110 B.C.-A.D. 10). Moreover, Isaac notes,



TINTORETTO'S PILATE JUDGING JESUS
A loaded question: who killed Christ?



ROMAN CATHOLICS AT MASS

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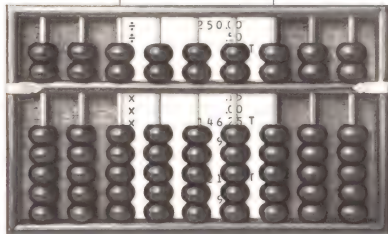
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the discovery of the Dead Sea Scrolls proves that Judaism can claim a monastic sect—the Essenes of Qumran—that rivals the early Christians in ascetic ideals.

"Purifying Stream." Christianity, Isaac concludes, "does not require for her own glorification a corresponding disparagement of ancient Israel, of the people of the Old Testament, the people of Jesus and the Apostles." Fortunately, he adds, "a purifying stream exists in Christianity and grows stronger every day"—and Isaac's book appears at a time when almost every day brings new evidence that his cause is on the verge of victory.

This month, for example, saw the publication of a Catholic textbook survey by scholars at Jesuit-run St. Louis University that listed a number of pejorative references to Jews (and Protestants)—and urged textbook writers to take greater care in discussing other faiths. The Lutheran World Federation's Commission on World Mission at a consultation in Denmark declared that anti-Semitism is "a demonic form of rebellion against the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and a rejection of Jesus the Jew, directed upon his people." And in Florence, European representatives of an international society for Christian-Jewish cooperation met to discuss their latest efforts to combat anti-Semitism. There, Catholics and Protestants attended a service of prayer at the city's Jewish temple in honor of "Jules Isaac Day."

BAPTISTS

Behind the Front

While the Presbyterians held their leadership in church integration, two of the nation's big Baptist churches also grappled with the race issue—one forthrightly, the other with considerable caution. Last week the Southern Baptists (10,395,940 members) and their northern cousins, the American Baptists (1,559,103), held their annual conferences in separate rooms of Atlantic City's Convention Hall, and joined with five other groups for a three-day celebration of the Baptist Jubilee.*

Traditionally opposed to racial segregation in both theory and practice, the American Baptist delegates approved their church's strongest stand yet on civil rights. Their resolution advocated withholding church loans to segregated Baptist congregations, and putting fair-employment-practice clauses in all contracts between churches and builders. But the Southern Baptists, about 90% of whose congregations are segregated, rejected even

* Commemorating the formation of the nation's first Baptist mission society in 1814. Also present: the Seventh Day Baptist General Conference, the North American Baptist General Conference, the Baptist Federation of Canada, and two Negro churches: the National Baptist Convention of America and National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc.



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mild, nonbinding recommendations that would approve an open-door policy on race in churches. Instead, the delegates adopted a policy statement that left the question of church integration right where it has always been: up to the decision of individual congregations.

PRESBYTERIANS

In the Van

The United Presbyterians have a knack for breaking race barriers without catering to either politics or sentimentalism. Last week, at their 176th General Assembly in Oklahoma City, the Presbyterians elected a qualified and articulate church statesman as moderator of the 3,291,998-member church for a one-year term. He is the Rev. Edler Hawkins, 55, a Negro.

The Presbyterian moderator's tasks are largely ceremonial, but Edler Hawkins (this life is an endless battle

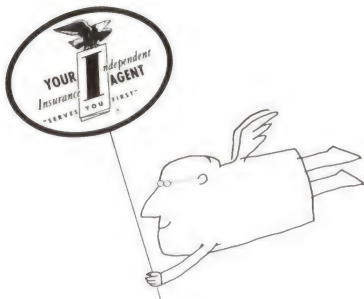


MODERATOR HAWKINS

The membership is 95% white.

against people who spell his name "Edler") nonetheless becomes chief spokesman for a church that is 95% white in membership. A 1938 graduate of Union Theological Seminary, Hawkins has held only one ministry in his pastoral career, at St. Augustine's Church in a somewhat slum-ridden section of the lower Bronx in New York City. He started the church from scratch, with a congregation of nine; today it numbers 1,000, about one-third of them Puerto Ricans. Hawkins has also served for two one-year terms as head of the New York Presbytery, governing body of the city's 119 churches.

Hawkins will undertake the customary "moderator's tour" of the nation's Presbyterian churches. But he also plans to visit Africa, the Middle East and Europe this summer, including, possibly, an important stop in Italy. "I can see the necessity of going on to Rome to visit the Pope," he said. "Pope Paul has opened up channels of communication on the road to a new unity of Christendom."



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U.S. BUSINESS

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The Bell Is Ringing

[See Cover]

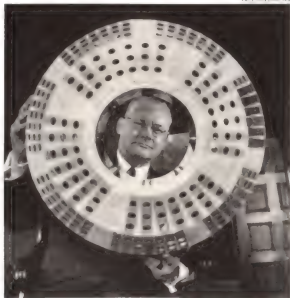
The world's biggest company is a bundle of paradoxes wrapped in a string of superlatives. It makes a product that cannot be bought and lives on a commodity that cannot be seen. In a nation that idealizes competition, it has practically none. Unlike other corporate giants, it cannot set its own prices, which are carefully regulated not only by the Federal Government but by individual states. It has more direct contact with Americans than any other company, yet it often feels misunderstood. Few companies are more conservative; none are more creative. It has grown huge by paying attention to little things—little efficiencies, little economies, little people. It is that ubiquitous firm whose business is talk and whose product is the telephone: the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.

At A.T. & T., superlatives recur with the persistence of a busy signal. An outside and aggressive utility, the company owns, operates and services 83% of the nation's 84 million telephones—nearly half of all the phones in the world. Its assets of \$28 billion top those of General Motors, General Electric and U.S. Steel put together, and since 1945 it has raised enough new capital (\$26 billion) to buy up the gold reserves of the U.S., Britain and several European countries. With 733,000 workers, the company employs a labor force greater than the population of Boston; its annual wage bill of \$4.7 billion exceeds the gross national product of Ireland and Israel combined. A.T. & T.'s 1963 revenues, which reached almost \$10 billion, amounted to more than the combined incomes of 30 state governments and accounted for 1.7% of the gross national product.

Long Noses. By virtue of his position as head of this colossus, the chief executive of A.T. & T. is automatically the biggest businessman in the nation. For eight years that post has been held by a square-cut, thin-lipped man named Frederick Russell Kappel, who happens to be very much like the corporation he heads—a creature of power and paradox. Chairman Kappel (rhymes with apple) mixes freely among the mighty in science, politics and business. The 65 corporate chiefs who make up the prestigious U.S. Business Council, a group that advises the Government, have elected him their chairman. Lyn-

don Johnson often calls Kappel to discuss the state of U.S. business, is also one of A.T. & T.'s best customers.

But for all the importance and respect his position brings, Fred Kappel, at 62, remains essentially a small-town boy who retains the earthy and often unsophisticated ways of the heartland. He runs the most modern of corporations from an old-fashioned office in a lower-Manhattan building whose Doric columns and tiled floors are defiantly unmodern. In this Parthenon of the William Howard Taft era, Kappel still converses in the slangy, twangy argot of his native Albert Lea, Minn., can still cuss on occasion like the pole-hole dig-



KAPPEL & TELSTAR PART
He's got your number.

ger he once was. One significant term that often salts his conversation is "long-nosed." Says Kappel: "It's a term I use to mean looking ahead, planning ahead. I like to think of the Bell System as a long-nosed company."

See-As-You-Talk. Today, the company that thrives on talk is creating quite a bit of talk about itself—most of it by being long-nosed. In search of new and better ways to transmit words and TV pictures (most network TV programs are transmitted over A.T. & T.'s telephone lines), A.T. & T. is reconnoitering the frontiers of technology and expanding man's inventory of knowledge. It built Telstar in its labs, and will play a major role in the new Comsat Corp., which plans to ring the earth with communications satellites within two or three years. This fall it will start laying a fourth cable to Europe beneath the ocean, and last week it completed the first telephone cable to Japan. In typi-

cally prudent fashion, the telephone company is preparing for just about any eventuality: late this year it will finish a \$200 million underground cable across the U.S. that will be able to carry important calls even if all above-ground wires are destroyed in a nuclear attack. It is also developing a wide array of new equipment, including push-button phones, which have just gone into use in 35 cities, and a new electronic switching system so swift that it will be able to handle 1,000,000 telephone calls between two ticks of the clock.

Two weeks ago A.T. & T. announced that it will soon cross yet another frontier in technology: it will put into pub-

lic operation the world's first see-as-you-talk Picturephone service. Already on view at A.T. & T.'s pancake-shaped pavilion at the World's Fair, the Picturephone will go into service next month in public booths in New York, Chicago and Washington, offer service between those cities to people who are willing to pay rates that will range from \$16 to \$27 for three minutes. Whereas the regular phone uses only one circuit, Picturephone in its current stage needs the equivalent of 125 of them—for the 125 hair-fine lines on its tiny TV screen. With confidence that this problem will be solved, A.T. & T. sees a bright and profitable future for its latest device.

Even more exciting than the see-as-you-talk phone to the nation's businessmen and economists is the impact of A.T. & T.'s spend-as-you-grow plans. As proof of its faith in the economy, A.T. & T. in 1964 will undertake the largest program of expansion and modernization ever launched by any company in history. The \$3.35 billion that the company will spend will account for 71% of all capital spending by U.S. business, create 180,000 new jobs in supplier companies and do much to keep the U.S. economy's greatest period of peacetime expansion going strong.

Blank Checks. To get more than a third of the money it needs, A.T. & T. went to its usual source of cash: that most democratized group of capitalists, its own stockholders. The company floated history's largest stock issue, 12,241,294 shares, and gave first crack at the issue to its shareholders on a 1-for-20 basis. Openly trying to make the stock even more attractive, Fred Kappel announced an increase in the yearly dividend from \$3.60 to \$4 and a 2-for-1 split that next month will raise the total to 512,000,000 shares. Stockholders gobbled up almost the entire

issue, and thousands sent the company blank checks in an unprecedented show of confidence, asking A.T. & T. to fill in the cost of whatever they could buy.

More shareholders have placed their savings and hopes in A.T. & T. than in any other corporation. It is a haven for 2,350,000 investors, many of whom are untutored in the nuances of high finance but feel certain that the nation's largest company will prosper so long as the nation itself does. A.T. & T. has so many stockholders that 20,500 of them are named Smith, and 100 die every day. Three-quarters of them own fewer than 100 shares, and the biggest holder, Wall Street's Merrill Lynch, keeps most of its 3,600,000 shares for small-customer accounts. No wonder that Wall Street dubs A.T. & T. "the widows" and orphans' stock, and shareholders affectionately refer to it as "Ma Bell."

"I've Made Mistakes." Not everyone shares this fondness for the telephone company, but almost everyone has an opinion about it. To U.S. military chiefs it is a first-class defense contractor, and scientists consider its Bell Labs to be the finest industrial-research establishment anywhere. A.T. & T. has become so much a part of the American scene that it is at once a source of envy and admiration and a butt of jokes. Says Cartoonist Al Capp, whose *L'il Abner* delights in needling Mother Bell: "In this country, if we don't like our wives, or even our Government, we can change them. But have you ever tried to change your phone company?"

Fred Kappel does not take kindly to such impertinent questions. He likes to think of A.T. & T. as a warm and faithful creature, and of anyone who does not like its predominance as something of an ingrate. He lists his own home-phone number in the directory—and so do the presidents of the 23 regional operating companies that

Largest individual owner: Showman Billy Rose, whose 80,000 shares, worth \$11.2 million at the current price of \$140 each, have brought him \$288,000 in dividends during the past year.



TOUCH-TONE



PANEL PHONE



PATIENT'S PHONE



TRIMLINE

A.T. & T. embraces in the Bell System. He also takes time out from each busy day to study stacks of mail from customers and stockholders on the theory that "it's a good way to get a feel for what people are thinking," has ordered that every letter must be answered within seven days.

Kappel is convinced that life's biggest kicks and greatest challenges come from working in the large corporation. "This 'Organization Man' thing makes me disgusted," says he. "When someone talks that to me I say he doesn't know what he's talking about. Somebody who is really running a railroad must do his job and not be afraid about making mistakes. I've made all kinds of mistakes. Somebody who never makes a mistake is sitting on his fanny not doing anything. But a man ought to be right more than half the time."

Percentage Player. Kappel has seen to it that he has been right more often than that. A barber's son who worked his way to an electrical-engineering degree at the University of Minnesota (24), he joined A.T. & T. 40 years ago at \$25-a-week. He was soon promoted from pole-hole digger to such jobs as "interference engineer" and "foreign wire relations engineer" and spotted by his superiors as a cool, unflappable fellow not given to snap decisions. Every night he took home a briefcase heavy with homework, and even when he went to the ballpark he took along other A.T. & T. people to talk operations and engineering. He steadily moved up 14 levels on the corporate escalator to a vice-presidency of A.T. & T.'s North-western Bell. He was called to New York headquarters, became president in 1954 of A.T. & T.'s manufacturing arm, Western Electric, and took over as president and chief executive of A.T. & T. in 1956. Says Kappel, who became board chairman in 1961: "I've never had anything I didn't get for myself."

Chairman Kappel now earns \$271,667 a year and lives in a four-bedroom, six-telphone house in Bronxville, a New York suburb. He allows few expensive tastes to enter his well-modulated life. His wife does the cooking.

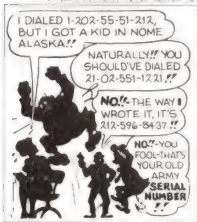


SCIENTIST WITH PICTUREPHONE
They never cease inventing.

except for parties. Kappel doesn't smoke, rarely drinks, and faithfully attends Bronxville's Dutch Reformed Church, whose 3,000 members make it the largest church of that denomination in the U.S. He does not openly participate in party politics ("I don't believe that I should"), but he likes to read books of a political nature. Among his recent favorites: J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit* and Victor Lasky's *J.F.K.: the Man & the Myth*. Regularly, every two weeks, he plays with a bridge club, also enjoys an occasional shrewd game of poker. "He is a percentage player, not a chance taker," says a man who has often watched his game.

Much Like the Army. Kappel is the prototype of the A.T. & T. executive, that particular type of U.S. manager whose training and abilities make the telephone company about the best-managed firm anywhere. One former A.T. & T. vice president wrote that the company's management system "is much the same as the Army's." A.T. & T. is a pure meritocracy, run by men who started at the bottom and worked up, step by step, winning the nod of many bosses along the way. The executives at A.T. & T. combine in themselves dedication, sense of service, awareness of public responsibility, invocation of old-fashioned virtues, puritan earnestness, Rotary Club friendliness, and a touch of self-righteousness. They consider themselves a breed apart—and they are. They value continuity and gradualism in management more than most, and, though at ease in handling vast sums, run their company with a peasant's fear of debt and the thrifty conviction that every piece of installed equipment ought to be good for 40 years. Most of all, they view their job—helping the people to speak—as an almost priestly calling.

To make sure of a continued supply of such men—they are not born, but made—A.T. & T. has developed one of U.S. business's most advanced programs of management training and evaluation. Every year it deploys 300

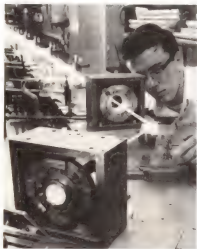


NEEDLING IN "LIL ABNER"

Ever try to change your phone company?



EXPERIMENTING WITH NUCLEAR FRAGMENTS



TESTING LASER



SWITCHING STATION IN NEW YORK
Also under the sea and up in space.

recruiters to search out 2,500 to 3,000 trainees on the nation's campuses. They pick their men only from the top half of the graduating classes, and look for those who have spent more time in the libraries than in the stadiums: A.T. & T.'s studies show that marks are the best indicator of how a candidate works out later, extracurricular activities the least reliable. The head-hunters offer good starting salaries (\$6,300 to \$7,200) and a stock-purchase plan. Half of all employees own A.T. & T. shares, most of them bought at 85% of the market price and sometimes in installments; but no one in the company ever gets a stock option. About 900 men in Bell's system make \$25,000 or more.

The new recruit soon learns that A.T. & T. insists on making one man—any man—ultimately responsible for every single project, however big or small, and that he stands to take the blame if that project sours. As soon as he joins the organization, each candidate is tossed into the decision-making maelstrom, perhaps as chief of a small-town office or traffic department, where his performance can be easily measured. About 20% of all trainees wash out in the first year, but even those who do not make A.T. & T.'s stiff grades are scooped up by other companies eager to hire men with some Bell seasoning.

Internal Competition. To save itself from becoming fat and lazy like most monopolies, A.T. & T. purposely sets up internal competition. It pits man against man, office against office, district against district—and carefully rates each performance on report cards that are analyzed by efficiency experts. "We have people breathing down everybody's neck," says one high personnel man at A.T. & T. The company even rates its accounting departments according to how many pieces of paper each one processes: woe to the junior executive who finds himself saddled with slothful clerks. Every month the company publishes its "Green Book," a 32-page pamphlet that critically compares the performance of Bell's operating companies, one against the other, in 41 categories that range from the percentage of calls affected by static (yearly average: 2%) to the rate of resignations (yearly average: 2.4% for men, 17.6% for women).

Many other companies try to copy A.T. & T.'s training and rating program, but they cannot copy the advantage that bigness gives to Bell. A.T. & T. has so many operating companies, divisions and branch offices that it has plenty of demanding and responsible jobs in which to develop and store up executive talent. Men with the stamp of success on them are groomed for high management positions as much as 30 years in advance. Some of the young executives are interviewed every year by one or more of A.T. & T.'s 20 staff psychologists, who plumb their changing moods, opinions and goals.

The men who travel farthest in this

obstacle course are tough, well briefed and able. At the very top, A.T. & T. is run by a 23-man group that is led by Kappel and President Eugene J. McNeely, 63, a stern taskmaster who supervises operations and personnel and has followed Kappel into three executive positions since 1949. This top team is known to company insiders as "the Cabinet." It is made up of an extremely close-knit and like-minded group of men (median age: 57) with strikingly similar backgrounds. They feel most comfortable with their own kind, even to the extent of lunching together every day in the 22nd-floor executive dining room. Three-quarters of them come from small towns, only a handful went to Ivy League universities, and ten of them have engineering training. In an age when more and more companies are bossed by accountants, salesmen or lawyers, A.T. & T. remains one of the few giants dominated by engineers—with all that implies of diligence, prudence and respect for proven rules.

Conformity or Chaos. Sharply at 10 a.m. every Monday, the Cabinet members sit down in red leather armchairs in the 26th-floor board room for a 21-hour meeting. One by one, each man briefs the others on developments in his division—new products, spending plans, struggles for higher rates. But the Cabinet seldom wastes time on detail or minor decisions. All down the line, A.T. & T.'s middle executives try to solve all problems long before they reach the vice-presidential level, leaving only the knottiest ones to the Cabinet. If there is then a dispute, Kappel has the last word. "I may get into an argument," he says. "There's nothing worse than somebody who agrees with everything. We all agree in advance not to agree with anything unless we really believe in it." But he also argues that "there must be some conformity. To be against conformity is to be against order and for chaos."

Though such a sprawling company is beyond the power of any one man to change it substantially, Kappel has made his mark on A.T. & T. Perhaps his signal contribution has been to increase earnings nicely by pushing through local rate increases and introducing myriad new efficiencies. Long-distance operators are now taught by programmed-instruction textbooks, which are much cheaper than human teachers; speed-reading courses have cut the average time that information operators need to look up a number from 37.6 seconds to 33.3 seconds, at an annual saving of \$8,000,000. During Kappel's eight years, earnings have jumped 84%, to last year's \$1.5 billion—after federal and state taxes of \$2 billion. A.T. & T. habitually pays out 62% of its profits as dividends and invests the rest in capital spending.

Keeping the Reins On. Fred Kappel contends that A.T. & T. needs still higher profits to grow on, but he runs into opposition in Washington, where Gov-

ernment officials insist that his company is already too profitable and too powerful. In terms of return on net cost of plant, the usual gauge of profitability in utilities, A.T. & T. earns somewhat more than the average: 7.2%. The General Services Administration, representing the Government as a user in regulatory hearings, has recommended that Bell's return should be limited to 6.6%, and the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, which regulates the Bell System and its interstate rates, has suggested 6.5%. So far, the FCC's seven commissioners have refused to go along with this recommendation.

A.T. & T. aims at getting an 8% return whenever it can. It has to negotiate constantly not only with the FCC but with local commissions in the 48 states in which it operates (all except Alaska and Hawaii). In 47 of them, A.T. & T. hammers out local phone rates with state commissions, but in Texas it has to dick with no fewer than 1,500 town councils. Rates vary widely, depending upon how much money A.T. & T. has invested in an area, how many numbers residents can call without paying a toll and what the local commission will allow. When commissions agree to give A.T. & T. increases, they sometimes find it politic to hold local rates steady but to raise the charges for phone installation and for such extras as color phones. Despite some increases, rates have not risen as much as the overall cost of living. While the U.S. consumer price index has gone up 59% since 1946, local telephone rates have increased 48%; interstate rates have actually dropped 20% since 1940, thanks to a combination of new efficiencies, higher volume of calling and pressures from the FCC.

Breaks for the Little. Last year the FCC forced the company to reduce some of its long-distance rates, so that anyone can now call anywhere in the continental U.S. after 9 p.m. for no more than \$1 for the first three minutes. Two months ago, the FCC hit from the other side: it ordered A.T. & T. to raise rates on its "cheaper-by-the-dozen" Telpak service, which transmits printed as well as spoken messages over big bundles of circuits. The commission felt that A.T. & T. had originally priced this fast-growing service abnormally low in order to attract big users. At the same time, the FCC denied A.T. & T.'s request for permission to send printed as well as spoken messages through its own transatlantic cables, but granted that right to international competitors that lease channels within the cables. In an open admission of favoritism for such companies as RCA, Western Union International and International Telephone & Telegraph, one FCC official said: "They're the little boys, so they deserve the breaks."

But the big boy has always managed to win the most important battle: A.T. & T. defeated the Justice Department's persistent attempts during the

Truman and Eisenhower Administrations to divorce it from Western Electric, and not much is heard about that any more. A virtual monopoly almost since it was founded in 1877, the Bell System has preserved its special status by arguing that it is much more efficient and economical than a lot of little, local phone companies would be. It has agreed not to invade the territory of the 2,645 independent companies that control the remaining 17% of the phone business. Largest of the independents by far is General Telephone & Electronics Corp., which has 5,000,000 phones as well as extensive manufacturing and research facilities. By buying up smaller companies and shrewdly moving into rural areas and fast-growing suburbs

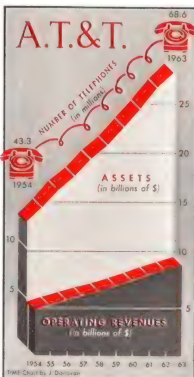
they think about the company, even financed a study to determine whether public telephones are dangerous germ carriers. A.T. & T.'s answer: No.

Employees take company courses in politeness and courtesy, are constantly reminded that they and their customers have no fewer than 10 billion conversations a year. A.T. & T. executives are encouraged to lead civic-uplift drives, and to join many public service groups. Once they have joined, they frequently volunteer to make speeches about A.T. & T. or show company films, preaching such slogans as "The Voice with a Smile Is Still Behind Your Dial" and "Whatever the Future Brings, It's Still People Talking."

Fred Kappel himself gives about a dozen public speeches a year, and in one of them, delivered four years ago at Columbia University, he said that "low tolerance for criticism" is a sign of loss of business vitality. A.T. & T. certainly has plenty of business vitality—and plenty of sensitivity to criticism. Kappel calls A.T. & T.'s Washington critics "breaker-uppers" and "glorified publicity seekers." Fortnight ago, at the Business Council's meeting in Hot Springs, Va., he deplored increasing regulation of business by Government, and he believes that A.T. & T. could have moved much faster toward creating a large network of Telstars if the Government had only given it permission to go ahead. As it is, the ownership of Comsat Corp.—whose shares were approved for listing two weeks ago by the New York Stock Exchange—will be divided among the public and the nation's communications companies. The size of A.T. & T.'s stake has not yet been determined, but it will be substantial.

Hotter Meetings. When it comes to the customers, Kappel is often more puzzled than angered by complaints. He admits that A.T. & T. made a tactical error in pushing all-numeral dialing without a public educational campaign. By abandoning the familiar exchange prefixes (Klondike, Pennypacker, Gypsy) and forcing users to dial seven numbers, A.T. & T. raised the possible total of phone numbers in any area by 50%. But it also raised an uproar, was soon accused on all sides of an Orwellian scheme to dehumanize everyday life—even though it would really have had to dehumanize life by ultimately limiting service if it did not have the new system. "We've got to do it if the country is going to grow," says Kappel. "But I don't believe we did very well when we started explaining it. We took the attitude it's something we've got to do, and why the hell bother to explain." The fuss has since died down, and the advent of direct distance dialing will, within the next decade, enable telephone users to call any major country in the world by dialing twelve digits.

Other telephone customers complain that A.T. & T., which owns all its equipment and only rents it to subscribers, will not permit them to hook up an-



that A.T. & T. does not reach. General Telephone has lifted its sales 1,450% in the past dozen years—to last year's \$1.4 billion. A.T. & T. has barely expanded its area of coverage in 42 years, and in 1956 the Justice Department ordered it to open its thousands of patents to all comers.

Lovable Green Giant. Always sensitive about its bigness, and reluctant to be viewed as the great profitmaker that it is, A.T. & T. has devised one of the most effective lobbying and public relations systems in industry. It keeps many discreet and well-connected lobbyists in Washington and in the state capitals. The phone company's public relations campaign paints it as a lovable green giant of communications. In fact, it is so anxious to be loved that it polls 80,000 stockholders each year to find out what

tique phones, and that it charges them \$0.40 a month extra for an unlisted number in New York City and Philadelphia: Cinemactor Tony Randall, who can well afford it, has dodged the charge by listing his number under a phony name, Irvine W. Fishman. As in many another company, A.T. & T.'s officers also are getting more and more harassment at annual meetings. Kappel has special controls behind the rostrum at which he stands to cut off any speaker who becomes too windy or unruly. But he delivered his most effective cut without benefit of switch at the April 15 annual meeting, where a professional meeting-goer asked a seemingly endless round of questions, including one seeking to know how much A.T. & T. gave to charity. Told that the amount was \$10 million last year, the woman said: "Mr. Chairman, I think I'm going to faint." Replied Kappel coolly: "That would be helpful."

Hooray! For all the complaints, big and small, A.T. & T. has given the U.S. the world's least frustrating telephone service with the world's most trouble-free gadget. Kappel points out that the average U.S. phone needs a repair only once every five years; except in times of flood or other natural disasters, no A.T. & T. switching office in the past 40 years has been out of order for as long as ten minutes. No place is too inaccessible, no service request too small for A.T. & T.'s telephone men. They have put up phone booths in the middle of forests for the convenience of hunters, offer phones with gentle chimes for those who cannot stand the regular bells. Even former FCC Chairman Newton Minow, a voluble critic of many other institutions, told a Senate committee last year: "Having just returned from Europe, I would say hooray for the phone service you get here."

That service is growing even faster than the U.S. Every working day, A.T. & T. installs 11,500 new phones and handles 251 million calls. The number of Bell telephone calls within the U.S. is expanding by 15% a year, and A.T. & T. is straining to prevent a massive clogging of overloaded circuits by steadily expanding and improving its equipment. Actually, the Bell System is one great computer, linked by 2½ billion interconnections and by enough copper wire to spin a four-ply cable to the sun. The computer's innards are an orderly assemblage of \$24 billion worth of the most sophisticated equipment ever devised, and its long limbs sprawl over 3,000,000 square miles of city, plain, mountain, valley and river. It is in constant change, works around the clock, seldom errs—and often corrects itself when it does.

Kappel and his long-often engineers never cease devising comely new gadgets to hook onto this computer to bring more profit to A.T. & T., and to add luster and convenience to what they call "p.o.t."—plain old telephone

service. They have successfully sold the idea of color for telephones: 21 million colored phones are now in use in U.S. homes. For a monthly charge of \$25 to \$35 apiece, they have installed 17,000 telephones in cars and trucks, including several in Lyndon Johnson's autos. Though 37% of the nation's telephones are already extension phones, A.T. & T. executives figure that less than a quarter of U.S. homes are "fully telephoned"—having all the telephones they could use.

An even greater field for expansion lies in the area of business phones, which already account for fully half of A.T. & T.'s revenues. The company's new pushbutton Touch-Tone, which reduces the average "dialing" time from nine to four seconds, will make every business phone a candidate for replacement.



McNEELY & KAPPEL WITH CARD DIALER
For those in Bell, an almost priestly calling.

ment. Cost: \$5 for installation, plus \$1.50 to \$1.90 extra a month. Another innovation that A.T. & T. recently introduced is the Card Dialer, which enables a user to reach frequently dialed numbers by slipping a punched-hole plastic card into the base of the phone. It cuts dialing time to two seconds, costs \$15 to install, plus \$3.50 a month extra, with 40 free cards. This year A.T. & T. will bring out the Trimline phone, whose dial is embedded in the receiver; aside from being good-looking, it also will be a boon for the nearsighted and the bedridden.

The Hell with Economics. These new products—and the ideas behind them—spring from the fertile soil of their own: Western Electric and Bell Labs. Western has 149,000 employees, turns out more than 50,000 kinds of communications gear, and buys parts and materials from small businesses in

some 3,000 U.S. towns. U.S. trust-busters complain that Western sells equipment to A.T. & T. at half the price it charges competitors, point out that it earns only 5% on its sales. Kappel argues that if A.T. & T. did not have Western, its own costs would jump by hundreds of millions a year, and rates thus would have to go up. Says he: "Our first command to Western Electric is the hell with economics—produce something that will serve the phone business."

Ideas are the chief products at celebrated Bell Labs, where 4,575 scientists are engaged in what Kappel calls "the exploration of dreams." The dreams range from figuring out ways to stop squirrels from chewing up telephone wires to devising a typewriter that could work by oral dictation.

Endowed with virtually unlimited resources and freedom, Bell Lab scientists have made such major breakthrough discoveries as radio astronomy, magnetic-tape recorders, hi-fi, and the most important invention since World War II, the transistor.

Thanks to the transistor, Bell next year will begin to slowly convert to a fully electronic switching system that will enable the phone user to reach frequently called numbers by dialing only two digits, to call third parties onto the line, and to switch incoming calls to other numbers if he leaves his home or office. What next? At their yellow brick headquarters, which sprawls like a Pentagon of science over the wooded hills of Murray Hill, N.J., Bell's crew-cut mathematicians, physicists and chemists—many of them not yet 30—are working on pocket phones, wristwatch phones, and laser beams that someday will replace wires and microwaves as carriers of the spoken word.

A Basic Difference. Looking toward his own tomorrow, Fred Kappel knows that A.T. & T.'s inflexible retire-by-65 rule will compel him to step down within three years. He also knows that though personnel and products will change, A.T. & T.'s philosophy has been too successful for anyone to tamper with it. "The first thing," says Kappel, "is to make sure that we don't ever settle for second best." As a company that sells service in an economy whose biggest growth area is service, A.T. & T. can hardly help prospering and expanding rapidly. "There's a basic difference between us and a manufacturing concern," says Kappel. "They have a judgment whether they want to expand or not. We have no choice. We are obliged to serve people adequately, and so we are always going to be growing."

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WORLD BUSINESS

MONEY

Conflicting Goals

The economies of the Western nations have been steadily drawn together since the end of World War II by such devices as the World Bank, the International Monetary Fund, the Common Market and countless little meetings among world bankers. Last week, as 130 bankers from 14 nations assembled in Vienna's baroque Palais Schwarzenberg for the annual international conference of the American Bankers Association, some major signs of discord and conflict came to the surface. Said one top U.S. economic policymaker: "There's a tendency to see the divisive factors in the Atlantic alliance as strictly political. Actually, some of the worst problems are economic."

Imbalance & Interest. The alliance faces two basic economic problems: Europe is wrestling with persistent inflation, and the U.S. is fighting a pernicious international payments imbalance and gold outflow. These two problems captured the attention of the meeting, which included almost everybody who is anybody among the world's money managers—from IMF Managing Director Pierre-Paul Schweitzer and Deutsche Bank Chief Hermann Abs to Morgan Guaranty Chairman Henry C. Alexander and the U.S.'s Gardner Ackley, a member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The more they talked, the more obvious became their conflicting goals. Nearly every important measure that Europeans take to check inflation tends to aggravate the U.S. balance-of-payments problem.

Higher interest rates, which have the effect of curbing demand, are the main weapon that Europeans are using against inflation. Already this year, the central banks of Britain, West Germany and Switzerland have increased rates; last week delegates in Vienna

predicted further boosts before long by Britain, Italy and The Netherlands. Europe's high and rising rates tempt many big bank depositors—including some oil-rich Middle Eastern sheiks and Latin American strongmen—to shift their funds from the U.S. to Europe. Though U.S. Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon reported that "U.S. international payments so far this year have been in approximate balance," he expects the U.S. to do less well as the year goes on, particularly if the European interest rates keep going up.

Oddly enough, the U.S. also will do less well if the Europeans succeed in tamping their inflation. Europe's rising prices have made U.S. goods more competitive in many world markets and helped to lift U.S. exports to a record \$22 billion last year. Says Economist Ackley: "There's no question but that Europe's inflation has helped the American economy."

Clash & Cameras. The fact that the U.S. and Europe are at odds seriously threatens their greatest current attempt to create still more economic interdependence: the so-called Kennedy Round tariff talks that aim to cut almost all duties in half. The Europeans at Vienna tried to disarm the U.S. delegates of their fears that General De Gaulle may scuttle those negotiations, but the chief U.S. tariff negotiator, Christian Herter, was uncharacteristically pessimistic. It became clear at Vienna that unless the U.S. and Europe can resolve their immediate conflicts, the march toward Western economic unity may be set back in a way that would affect the pocketbooks of everyone who buys anything from Japanese cameras to German Volkswagens.

BRITAIN

Dunlop Rides High

Few corporations have a closer or more constant contact with the ordinary Englishman than the 75-year-old Dunlop Rubber (o. Dunlop makes the hot-water bottle he tucks into bed with him, the galoshes he depends on in England's soggy climate, the hose he waters his roses with, and the cricket bat he wields. Most of all, Dunlop makes his tires: half of all British vehicles roll on Dunlops. With car sales strong, business is bullish. This week the company will report that profits jumped 14% last year to \$77.5 million on sales of \$792 million.

From Uganda to Indianapolis. The world's biggest rubber-goods manufacturer outside the U.S., London-based Dunlop has 51 plants in Britain and 60 more in 15 countries, including one in Buffalo, N.Y. Though its sales rank behind those of the U.S.'s big four (Goodyear, Firestone, U.S. Rubber, Goodyrich), Dunlop boasts that it is the most technologically advanced and versatile



GEDDES & RACING TIRE
Profit from 1,800 varieties.

of the lot. American tires are meant for high-speed driving on well-paved streets, but Dunlop develops different tires for different kinds of roads. Its Hi-Mu broad-tread tires are specially designed to grip wet British roads, and its engineers at Birmingham's sprawling Fort Dunlop plant—known to employees as "The Vatican of Rubber"—have fashioned tires for smooth German autobahns, cobblestoned French lanes and rock-strewn African trails.

To test the tires and to reinforce its image, Dunlop eagerly participates in auto racing. Every world championship Grand Prix winner since 1959 has worn Dunlops; the Indianapolis Lotus of Current Champion Jim Clark (see SPORT) is similarly equipped.

Up from Tricycles. Dunlop rolled into the rubber business aboard a tricycle. Scottish Veterinarian John Boyd Dunlop fashioned a set of pneumatic tires for his small son; they rode so well that he went into business making racing cycle tires. The company still manufactures 4-oz. bike tires for racers. But it makes 1,800 other varieties as well.

Tires represent 60% of Dunlop's business. The rest includes such diverse items as disk brakes, moving sidewalks, even high-fashion boots. With Britons enjoying more leisure time than ever, Managing Director Reay Geddes, 52, is working to see that they spend it using Dunlop golf clubs, tennis rackets, fishing tackle—or latex foam mattresses. Tall, grey-eyed Geddes, who has roamed the world as a salesman, is also busily reorganizing his company. "We had become too big and too varied for a central form of management," says he. Geddes has given more autonomy to managers of Dunlop's 130 subsidiaries; spends much of his time flying to his factories and overseas rubber plantations on inspection trips. The planes he rides, naturally enough, touch down on Dunlop tires.



ACKLEY AT VIENNA MEETING
Gains and pain from inflation.

SCIENCE

BIOCHEMISTRY

What Darwin Didn't Know

Zoologists have long been satisfied with the evolutionary theory that holds that humans and monkeys are closely related. But the theorists always welcome additional evidence, and last week they got some striking chemical proof. Drs. B. H. Hoyer, B. J. McCarthy and E. T. Bolton of the Carnegie Institution demonstrated that the DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid) in human genetic material has many sections that are identical with monkey DNA.

The experiments that the three Carnegie men report in the magazine *Science* were both delicate and difficult. DNA molecules are made up of two very long strands connected to each other by hundreds of thousands of short submolecules, which are set in place like the rungs of a ladder. The rungs differ chemically, and the order in which they are arranged constitutes the genetic code that controls heredity. When DNA is heated in just the right way, the rungs break and the long strands separate. Though the strands are eager to recombine, they cannot do so unless their broken rungs are matched in perfect order.

The Carnegie men heated a solution of mouse DNA until its strands separated. Then they mixed it with agar that cooled to a stiff jelly, which immobilized the long strands and kept them from recombining. Next, the jelly was reduced to tiny granules, each charged with mouse DNA.

Code Segments. The scientists then prepared a solution of mouse DNA that had been made radioactive with carbon 14. They chopped the molecules into short sections, each carrying a small part of the mouse genetic code, and separated the two strands. When these were mixed with the chunks of agar, their small size permitted them to diffuse into the jelly, and whenever one of them encountered a trapped strand that had a matching sequence of genetic code, the two segments combined firmly.

By measuring the radioactivity of the recombined DNA, the scientists could estimate closely how many of the segments had found matching partners. Under the best conditions, about 25% of the chopped DNA hooked up with that in the agar. This comparatively high figure was only natural, since both samples came from the same species of animal.

Other Species. Next step was to repeat the experiment with different species. Just as predicted by evolutionary theory, mouse DNA combined nicely with that of other rodents, such as rats and hamsters. But it showed much less attraction for the DNA of monkeys and cattle. Human DNA demonstrated only moderate interest in mouse, but

it combined with some from a rhesus monkey almost as strongly as if the stuff came from a human. Both mouse and human showed weak interest in DNA from salmon, and almost none in that from bacteria.

What all this means, say the Carnegie scientists, is that bacterial DNA has almost no code sections that are identical with those of higher animals. But fish are vertebrates; thus their genetic

JOHN MASTIN—CENTURY 114



RHESUS MONKEY

Not all that different.

code has quite a number of sequences that have survived from the primitive fish that were the ancestors of all vertebrates. When fragments of human DNA combine with salmon DNA, they presumably find matching code sequences that control such common attributes as hemoglobin in the blood or an internal skeleton. Mice are mammals, so they have more in common with humans (warm blood, hair, a similar reproductive system); and in the world of primates monkeys are so similar to man that long stretches of their genetic codes must be identical. The all-important differences between men and monkeys, say the Carnegie scientists, are not likely to be detected by their DNA-matching method.

ASTRONOMY

What Makes the Shadows Hot

The more they improve their techniques, the more they refine their measurements, the more problems astronomers seem to discover. But the very recognition of those problems may point the way toward prediction of the weather of the universe, toward the type of forecast that will be essential for far-voyaging astronauts.

Cool Sun. When they set up their cameras in a Douglas DC-8 jetliner and flew high over Canada during last summer's eclipse, Drs. Guglielmo Righini of Italy and Armin J. Deutsch of the

U.S. counted on snapping some of the clearest pictures yet of the sun's glowing corona. But up there above the dust, water vapor and other difficulties of the earth's atmosphere, the two astronomers told the Florence meeting of COSPAR (Committee on Space Research), they found far more than they expected. Their pictures of the sun's spectrum showed a strange line that had not been predicted by any of their calculations.

Not that the line was hard to identify; its wave length showed that it came from ionized calcium atoms that have lost one electron. But where did this calcium come from? At the corona's temperature, 3,000,000°, calcium loses nearly all its 20 electrons and shows the loss by emitting a different kind of light. In the singly ionized state, calcium cannot exist above a comparatively frigid 20,000°.

Drs. Righini and Deutsch now believe that there must be cool spots in the corona, but they can only guess at the mechanism that makes these cool spots possible. Perhaps, they say, the corona is threaded with magnetic fields that churn it around, making it lumpy and unevenly heated. Whatever the final explanation, it may provide an insight into solar flares, the violent sun storms which generate radiation that can kill a man in space.

Hot Shadows. Jupiter's temperature now seems as mysterious as the sun's. Astronomers Bruce C. Murray and Robert L. Wildey of Caltech uncovered that surprise by placing a new infra-red photometer at the focus of Palomar's 200-in. telescope and taking the temperature of Jupiter's cold atmosphere. Although the photometer designed by Engineer James A. Westphal is 20 to 50 times as sensitive as earlier instruments, it registered no change as it scanned the Great Red Spot and the light and dark bands that decorate Jupiter's disk.

Then the scientists spotted another quarry: the shadow of Jupiter's satellite Ganymede, which is bigger than the earth's moon. They expected the shadow to be colder than the surrounding area, just as the moon's shadow casts coolness on the earth. To their surprise, the temperature reading rose more than 100°, from -230° F. to -117° F., as the photometer focused on the shadow. Incredulously, they repeated the experiment many times, always with the same result. The shadow of another satellite, Europa, proved to be equally warm.

The two scientists offer two explanations, both of them uncertain. Perhaps the passage of a satellite's shadow may disturb Jupiter's atmosphere in some way, permitting warmer lower layers to rise upward and be detected from the earth. Or perhaps the interruption of sunlight stops a photochemical reaction in Jupiter's high atmosphere, making it temporarily more transparent so that radiant warmth from below can escape into space.



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FIBERS AND FILMS

Rayon filament and staple fiber, acetate yarns and vinyon staple for textile manufacturers and specialty products; rayon tire yarn; cord strapping, cellophane and meat casings for packaging; and microcrystalline cellulose for food, drug and cosmetic industries.

Born. To Anita Bryant, 24, recording star (*Until There Was You*), singing sidekick to Bob Hope in four U.S.O. Christmas tours, and Disk Jockey Robert Green, 33: a daughter; in Miami.

Married. Lauritz Melchior, 74, famed Wagnerian tenor now in retirement; and Mary Markham, 40, his one-time secretary, now a top Hollywood booking agent; he for the third time, she for the second; at Melchior's estate near Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Margaret Schulze Downey, 42, one of the nation's richest women, heiress to an estimated \$150 million concentrated mainly in Newmont Mining Co. and Magma Copper Co. (founded by Grandfather William Boyce Thompson), a pretty brunette who briefly filled the gossip columns in the late '40s when her divorce from polo-playing Polish Prince Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen prompted him to shoot himself (he recovered), settled down to marry Morton Downey, radio's dulcet-toned troubadour of the '30s, and take an active director's role in minding her business; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. DeLesseps ("Chep") Morrison, 52, longtime mayor of New Orleans (1946-61) and Kennedy's ambassador to the Organization of American States (1961-63), an ebullient, debonair politician who spearheaded a reform movement to bring trade, industry and an honest police force to his city, but could never quite carry his messages to Louisiana at large in three unsuccessful campaigns for Governor; in the crash of a chartered plane carrying six others, including his seven-year-old son, Randy; near Quajolota, Mexico.

Died. Austen Herbert Croom-Johnson, 54, co-father of the singing commercial, a onetime NBC program idea man who teamed with Announcer Alan Kent in 1939 to write "Pepsi-Cola Hits the Spot," a jingle that jangled for 20 years until Pepsi decided to "be social": of a heart attack; in New York.

Died. Steve Owen, 66, longtime (1931-53) coach of the New York Giants, onetime cowpuncher from Oklahoma's Cherokee Strip, who played a bone-bruising tackle for five years for the Giants, as coach won eight Eastern Division titles and two world championships, retired in 1953 when the razzle-dazzle aerial game found him wanting in the win column; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Oneida, N.Y.

Died. Arthur Hugh Bunker, 68, retired chairman since 1960 of American Metal Climax, and younger brother of Ellsworth Bunker, U.S. ambassador to the OAS, a kinetic, foresighted businessman who dabbled successfully in fields

as diverse as oil speculating and orchid growing (at one time he owned one of the world's largest orchid nurseries), but found his niche among rare metals, promoting new uses for radium in medicine, new processes for extracting vanadium (a steel strengthener) and new markets for molybdenum, a high-strength metal of the jet age; of leukemia; in Manhattan.

Died. Lord Brabazon of Tara, 80, pioneer British aviator and a Minister of Aircraft Production in Churchill's wartime government, a crusty curmudgeon who in 1909 managed to take off in a fragile cloth-and-wood contraption and fly it a mile, bounced in and out of Parliament until his 1941 appointment to boss Britain's rapidly expanding aircraft industry, a job he did well until he was ousted in early 1942 for impolitically suggesting that England should be happy that German Nazis and Russian Communists were killing each other off; following a heart attack; in Chertsey, England.

Died. Dr. James Franck, 81, German-Jewish physicist, winner with Gustav Hertz of a 1925 Nobel Prize for the discovery of the laws governing collisions between electrons and atoms; of a heart attack; in Göttingen, Germany. Forced out of his professorship at the University of Göttingen in 1933, Franck later came to the University of Chicago, headed a wartime team of scientists that perfected the method for reducing uranium oxide to metal, a major contribution to the Manhattan Project.

Died. Otto Vigelmovich Kuusinen, 83, oldest member of the Soviet Union's aging twelve-man Presidium; of cancer; in Moscow. A native Finn, Kuusinen fled to Moscow in 1921 when a Russian-model Bolshevik revolution was crushed in his own country, became secretary of the Comintern, then returned home to rule over fellow Finns as puppet president of the 68,900-sq.-mi. Karelo-Finnish Republic, carved out of the eastern portion of Finland by Russia during World War II. His shrewd bet on Khrushchev in the post-Stalin power struggles won him a return ticket to Moscow in 1956, a seat at the very top a year later, and finally that ultimate accolade of Communism, a niche for his ashes in the Kremlin wall.

Died. Leonard Florsheim, 84, Chicago transportation tycoon, one of the founders of the National Conference of Christians and Jews and a scion of the Florsheim shoe family, who, with his friend John Hertz, founded the Yellow Cab Co., Chicago Motor Coach Co. (the hub of the Chicago Transit Authority's bus routes) and the Omnibus Corp., later to become the Hertz Corp.; after a long illness; in Chicago.



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CINEMA

The Nature of the Beast

The Thin Red Line. The only good soldier is a crazy soldier. In James Jones's story of the ghostly campaign on Guadalcanal, this thesis was expounded with passion, and in the picture adapted from the novel it is developed with vigor. But somehow, when the stereophonic tumult and the dubbed-in shouting dies, the spectator senses that once again he has been told



KEIR DULLEA & ENEMY IN "LINE"
Uncovering the killer instinct.

the tale of the crusty sergeant and the sensitive dogface who fought each other as hard as they fought the enemy but at last became buddies in battle on the island of Twaaddehahal.

The dogface (Keir Dullea) is scared and the sergeant (Jack Warden) knows it. "You think this whole stinkin' war has just got one purpose—to knock you off," he sneers. First day ashore, the purpose is almost achieved. A Japanese sniper wings the private and then moves in for the kill. But when the private sees the bayonet he goes beast, and when he comes to his senses again the sniper has been reduced to sukiyaki. "That was close, wasn't it?" the sergeant sniggers softly in the private's ear. "And now you feel guilty because you found out you like to kill."

"You're crazy!" the private screams, and no doubt the sergeant really is crazy, but he is also right. The private does like to kill, and every time he kills he likes it more. He likes it as much as the sergeant does, and he hates the sergeant because the sergeant won't let him forget that they are tigers of the same stripe, who go mad when they smell blood. When there is blood to smell, the tigers infest the screen with danger and excitement. When there isn't, and in every third or fourth scene

there isn't, they suffer an embarrassing transformation. They begin to purr like patriotic pussycats, and their stripes turn suddenly red, white and blue.

Nevertheless, for observers who survive the crossfire of clichés, *Line* has some real rewards. Director Andrew Marton has put together a couple of masterly melees. And in the character of the private he has described with horrifying clarity the nature of the beast in men and nations that perennially threaten to engender Armageddon.

One Man's Homily

The Ceremony is a long-winded melodrama that can't decide which way to blow. Produced and directed by its star, Laurence Harvey, this film about a killer's escape from prison in Tangiers deplores the death penalty, sadistic bureaucrats, and nine out of ten cops. It adores condemned criminals and close-ups. But whenever the camera can wrench itself away from Harvey's grab-bag morality and his own vulpine profile, the supporting actors prove their worth. As Harvey's brother, Robert Walker gives the kind of performance that starts fan clubs springing up, and Girl Friend Sarah Miles, an *ignis fatuus* personified, fills her slattern's role with a kitten-in-the-rain charm that only the most heartless desperado could resist.

All Thumbs, None Green

The Chalk Garden. Transplanted from stage to screen, Enid Bagnold's witty, pitiable and elliptical high comedy yields only a withered bouquet of hearts and flowers. Made by Producer Ross Hunter, who customarily trafficks in Doris Daysies, the movie is all thumbs, none of them green.

Into an elegant manse atop the white cliffs of England's south coast ventures Deborah Kerr, beautifully coiffed and dressed for a royal weekend, doing her primmest impersonation of a gentleman fallen upon difficult days. Indeed, no one would suspect that she is a convicted murderess but recently released from prison. So Dame Edith Evans hires Deborah to tend her garden—where nothing grows—and to keep an eye on Granddaughter Hayley Mills.

"The child is fond of screaming," Dame Edith explains, because "by some extraordinary carelessness she was violated in Hyde Park at the age of twelve." Moreover, the child hates her mother, who has recently remarried, and she keeps threatening to burn down the house. While Deborah gallantly maneuvers to reunite mother and daughter and keep the home fires from spreading, the butler (Hayley's real-life father, John Mills) arranges luncheon for a guest, an elderly judge. Of course the judge's intimates call him "Puppy." Of course he is the very man who once condemned the lovely governess to death.

Patently contrived, the plot gave Au-

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thor Bagnold a framework on which to hang some illuminating asides about "the astonishment of life" and life's wasted possibilities. But Scriptwriter John Michael Hayes sticks doggedly to the substance of a story that was all shadows, revealing a sure instinct for the nonessential. In this version, Governess Kerr and Butler Mills are obviously made for each other and for a formula fadeout. The younger Mills, abrim with mental health and ebullient spirits and thus strikingly miscast, suggests that she alone knows what it is that makes this *Garden* grow. Potash? Peat moss? Lime? No, just gobs and gobs of Pollyannalysis, laid on with a silver trowel.

The Way-Out West

Viva Las Vegas has the wholesome, mindless spontaneity it takes to create a successful Elvis Presley movie. This one gambles on hips, not chips. Chorus girls scamper through such neon fleshpots as the Stardust, Flamingo, Tropicana and Sahara, and Elvis himself, as wrinkleproof an example of modern packaging as anyone has yet produced, sings, dances, swims, water-skis, flies a helicopter and finally enters his baby-blue racing car in a big, exciting race referred to as the Las Vegas Grand Prix.

First, though, he meets Ann-Margret, who wriggles by the garage to coo: "I'd like you to check my motor." Once her motor turns over, it seldom stops. Neither does the movie, mostly because Ann-Margret—whose scanty wardrobe suggests that she draws her energy directly from the sun—gyrates with a stem-to-stern fury that makes Presley's pelvic r.p.m.s seem powered by a flashlight battery. Ann-Margret isn't worried about his sacrum, she is afraid he'll break his neck in the Grand Prix. But no. They enter a talent contest and tie for first prize—a prepaid honeymoon in Las Vegas. Since they are already there, the picture ends in a hurry.



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BOOKS

A Saint in Politics

CORDELL HULL by Julius W. Pratt. 2 volumes, 840 pages. Cooper Square. \$15.

When President Roosevelt was about to appoint Cordell Hull Secretary of State, five Democratic Senators complained that Hull was too idealistic for the job. The objection was unusual, and F.D.R. laughed it off; but this first biography of Hull shows that the Senators had a point.

A diplomatic historian for 40 years, Julius Pratt has taken a close look at the Hull record. He plowed through the Hull papers in the Library of Congress, the unpublished papers of some of Hull's State Department colleagues. Pratt has written a spare, straightforward narrative that steers shy of judgments. But he does lead a reader to the inescapable conclusion that Hull—an amalgam of idealism, caution, and at times heroic stubbornness—was not up to the job of Secretary of State, even though he held it for nearly twelve years, longer than anyone else.

Confidence of Congress. Hull was a likable Tennessee politician, who became a state circuit judge at 32, served 24 years in Congress and was elected Senator in 1930. Frail but craggy in appearance, he struck people as the solidest of citizens. He looked dignified, even saintlike. He spoke with gravity and with a slight, endearing lisp. When he helped put Roosevelt over at the 1932 Democratic Convention, he was practically assured appointment as Secretary of State. He brought to the job a conviction that all the world's ills could be cured by lowering tariffs and living up to the principles of international law.

In a matter of months, Hull learned the major fact of his new job: Roosevelt intended to be his own Secretary of State. The lesson came when Hull went to the much-vaunted World Economic Conference in London in 1933 with the hope of increasing international trade by stabilizing the world's wildly fluctuating exchange rates. Roosevelt was experimenting with inflation as a cure for the U.S. Depression and did not want to peg the dollar. He torpedoed the conference (and Hull) with a disdainful note saying the U.S. would not cooperate.

But Hull had the confidence of his old colleagues in Congress, and in 1934 he persuaded Congress to pass the Reciprocal Trade Act, allowing the President to negotiate tariff cuts with other countries without having to go to Congress for authorization.

No-Good Neighbors. Hull worked hard to promote the Good Neighbor Policy in Latin America, but had a harder time persuading Nazi Germany to be a good neighbor. If Roosevelt was cautious in speaking out

against Hitler for fear of antagonizing the isolationists, Hull was even more timid. He objected to Roosevelt's provocative speeches, argued down such formidable Cabinet colleagues as Henry Stimson and Frank Knox, who were urging direct action against Germany. In 1940 Canada was worried that Germany might invade Greenland and suggested sending some troops there. Hull vetoed the idea as too inflammatory. Soon after, Iceland pleaded for U.S. protection; again Hull said no. F.D.R. overrode him and sent a destroyer to the island.

From then on, the President bypassed Hull, at least in the European theater, and relied on Stimson, Hopkins or Un-



CORDELL HULL

The courage of his illusions.

der Secretary of State Sumner Welles for diplomatic chores. By 1943 Hull was humiliated enough to force a showdown. Either Welles had to leave the State Department, he told F.D.R., or he would. Though Welles was a close friend, F.D.R. knew the domestic political value of Hull. Welles left.

Hull had a freer hand in the Far East. The most important job of his career was handling the touchy prewar negotiations with the Japanese. Hull doggedly insisted that the Japanese clear out of China, as well as out of Southeast Asia, before he would discuss anything else. The Japanese refused to budge. When Pearl Harbor was bombed, Hull admitted the Japanese negotiators into his office and, according to legend, gave them an old-fashioned cussing-out that all Americans cheered. Historians today generally agree that war with Japan was probably inevitable, but it has been argued that Hull never really gave diplomacy a try.

Hull was equally stubborn about De Gaulle. The leader of the Free French exasperated him by criticizing U.S. negotiations with Vichy France (which paid off handsomely in the Allied North African landings). When De Gaulle ordered the Free French to occupy the Vichy island of Saint-Pierre, off the coast of Newfoundland, Hull flew into a rage from which he never quite recovered. "Amid gigantic events," Churchill marveled, "this small incident seemed to dominate in his mind."

Least excusable of Hull's policies, Pratt implies, was the pressure he put on Chiang Kai-shek to come to terms with the Chinese Communists. Concerned above all with military victory over Japan, Hull wanted the Communists in the war; Chiang had them boxed into northwestern China. Chiang repeatedly said that the Communists had only one ambition: to take over China. Hull responded that the Generalissimo showed a "discouraging lack of progress in his thinking."

However, in 1944, his last year in office, Hull helped foil one maneuver: the incredible Morgenthau Plan. Presumably authored by Assistant Treasury Secretary Harry Dexter White, a Communist sympathizer, the plan proposed to destroy all German industry and "pastoralize" the nation. Hull wrote later: "It angered me as much as anything that had happened during my career as Secretary of State."

Euphoric Future. Hull shared many Americans' illusions about Stalinist Russia. From F.D.R. down, most of the Administration believed that Russia would behave nicely in the postwar world if the U.S. went out of its way to be friendly. In Moscow in 1943, Hull persuaded Molotov to agree to a postwar international organization in return for Allied concessions: one-third of the ships of the conquered Italian navy transferred to Russia, reassurance of a second front in the spring of 1944. In a euphoric mood, Hull went home to address a joint session of Congress: "There will no longer be need for spheres of influence, for alliances, for balance of power, or any other of the special arrangements through which, in the unhappy past, the nations strove to safeguard their security or to promote their interests." On the strength of that vision, which was shared by many, Hull worked unstintingly to create the United Nations.

In many ways, the U.S. was lucky to have Hull as Secretary of State in the prewar years. Though a Wilsonian liberal, he had the respect of the nation's conservatives. He helped swing national opinion from isolationism to internationalism. But like his mentor Wilson, he was too didactic, too cocksure of his own principles. By believing that the United Nations would solve all the world's problems and make obsolete the cold realities of Communist hostility, he contributed to the bad peace that followed World War II.



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More Le Carré Capers

THE INCONGRUOUS SPY by John Le Carré. 381 pages. Walker. \$5.95.

Lurking among the chillier shadows of John Le Carré's *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* is a plump, worried man named George Smiley. Smiley is the British intelligence agent who sets up the betrayal of the hero's mistress so that another part of the plot can thicken. Though nearly 150,000 copies of *Spy Who Came in* have been sold in the U.S. alone, very few readers will know George Smiley from any other stranger who hurries by in a dark street with his hat pulled low. But Smiley has quite a dossier.

Turns out that Smiley figures in the first two capers by Le Carré (alias David John Moore Cornwell), which are now reissued in one volume as *The Incongruous Spy*. One of the two is a routine British murder mystery set in an Establishment boys' school. The other story is much better.

Call for the Deal was Le Carré's first novel. It examines the same world of seedy treachery that the author got to know better and like even less by the time he wrote *Spy*. The tale begins when a Foreign Office clerk apparently commits suicide because he is under suspicion as a security risk, though Smiley has in fact let him know he was cleared. It ends with Smiley battling East German agents.

Cold War Frontier. The main carry-over from the earlier stories that Cornwell built up in *Spy* is not a character but an atmosphere: grubby realism and moral squalor, the frazzled, fatigued sensitivity of decent men obliged to betray or kill others no worse than themselves. Cornwell said recently: "I chose



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spying as a subject for reasons of polemic. Western democracy seems to have one unifying force: the idea that individuals are more valuable than philosophies. My intention was to write about a group of people who consciously abandon the Western principle in order to defend it."

It is this brand of authenticity and moral paradox on the cold war frontier that led at least one critic to believe that the author must be a spy himself. Cornwell did spend three years in the Foreign Office. "But not espionage—I've never done it." He learned his spymastery from published reports: "I was astonished at how much had been said. Intelligence seems to be an iceberg of which 80% is above water."

"The Ultimate Nonsense," Cornwell detests the James Bond kind of book: "Bond spends what he likes, keeps a stable of cars, fornicates by proxy for six million commuters. He is indifferent to pain (particularly other people's), and is fortunate in one respect: the nearer he gets to the enemy, the more horrible the enemy becomes."

With *Spy* sure to earn at least \$200,000, Cornwell recently quit as a British consul in Hamburg and moved self, wife and three growing sons to Crete, where the British income tax does not reach. There, in a white stucco house within 30 yards of the sea, he is working over the final draft of his next book. Called *The Looking-Glass War*, it springs from the fact that in one way he now finds *Spy* not realistic enough: "The biggest fault," Cornwell says, "was that the operation was brilliantly conducted. My next book is about an operation that isn't so efficient." And he sees it as exposing "the ultimate nonsense about spying."

The Shropshire Lad

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF WILFRED OWEN edited by C. Day Lewis. 191 pages. New Directions \$4.75

In 1914, a month before the guns of August began to thunder, a 21-year-old Englishman wrote some verse:

Leaves murmuring by myriads in the shimmering trees.

Lives awakening with wonder in the Pyrenees.

Birds cheerily chirping in the early day

Bards singing of summer, something thru' the haw.

It was charming, Keatsian and somehow like every other poem tossed off by a carefree youth in the flush of summer.

Then Wilfred Owen went to war, and in the muck and death of the trenches wrote a different sort of poem:

If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood

Come gurgling from the froth-corrupted lungs,

Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,



WILFRED OWEN

Poetry for the most execrable sights.

My friend, you would not tell with such high zest

To children ardent for some desperate glory.

The old Lie: Dulce et Decorum est Pro Patria mori.

Owen's poems seemed to speak for all the war's suffering and brought English poetry down to earth with blunt, homely words. Auden, Spender, T. S. Eliot and a whole generation of English poets acknowledged their debt to Owen. Now Owen's poems have been published in the most complete edition to date. Editor Lewis has added several unpublished poems that were written in Owen's youth and were in his brother's possession; in addition many other poems have been corrected.

A War of Caterpillars. Owen was born in sleepy Shropshire. His father was a railway engineer; his mother had a taste for culture. Shy, moody, trail, Owen began writing melancholy, softly sensuous verse in his teens, dealing generally with "golden gardens and sweet glooms." Since his family did not have the money to send him to college, he went to France as a tutor. While there, war broke out. Owen had no desire to get involved. He wrote his mother: "I feel my own life all the more precious and dear in the presence of this dellowing of Europe."

But he changed his mind and was commissioned an infantry officer in June 1916. Under fire, he matured fast as a man and as a poet. "Hideous landscape here," he wrote home. "Vile poisons, foul language. Everything unnatural, broken, blasted; the distortion of the dead, whose unburial bodies sit outside the dugout all day, all night, the most execrable sights on earth. In poetry we call them the most glorious."

Owen was soon calling these sights by their right names in his own poetry. He wanted people at home to feel the suffering of the maimed, the blind, the

dying and the mad, the muddy horror
of no man's land where

*Across its beard, that horror of harsh
wire.*

*There moved thin caterpillars, slowly
uncoiled.*

*It seemed they pushed themselves to
be as plums*

*Of ditches, where they writhed and
shrivelled, killed.*

Swelling of the Sea. Owen narrowly escaped death many times. One night, he fell into a well, suffering a concussion. He was sent to a hospital in Edinburgh, where he met Siegfried Sassoon, who read Owen's poems and encouraged him. Owen left the hospital convinced of his profession. "I go out of this year a poet, my dear mother, as which I did not enter it. I feel the great swelling of the open sea taking my galleon." Friends tried to get him a job in London, but Owen decided to return to the front. He believed that he could convey the suffering of his fellow men only by sharing it. He won the Military Cross for capturing a number of machine guns and German prisoners: "I only shot one man with my revolver; the others I took with a smile." A week before the Armistice, Owen was leading his company across the Sambre Canal when he was hit and killed.

Shortly before his death at 25, he wrote, in effect, his own epitaph:

*Move him into the sun.
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.
Think how it wakes the seeds,
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear achieved, are sides
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to
stir?*

*Was it for this the clay grew tall?
O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?*

Also Current

ONE DAY IN THE AFTERNOON OF
THE WORLD by William Saroyan. 245
pages. Harcourt, Brace & World. \$4.95.

There's more loving here than even
a Saroyan fan can stand. "Rosey's my
daughter," muses the hero, "and Van's
my son and Laura's their mother so
loving them is easy. So I love everybody
else, too. I love the dead, I love them
especially. But not so much as I love
the unborn." And most wondrous of all,
not so much as he loves "the unborn
who are never going to be born." But
how about the reader who's never going
to read it? He'll take more love than
even Saroyan has.

DOCTOR GLAS by Hjalmar Söderberg.
150 pages. Little, Brown. \$3.95.

Even the Swedes were dismayed by
Söderberg's grim-grey novel when it
was published in 1910, but today it is
recognized as a Scandinavian masterpiece.
Dr. Glas has never made love

Rockwell Report

by W. F. Rockwell, Jr.

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY



WE'D BE THE FIRST to admit that our long-held
belief in promoting from within is not very
original. Most companies say the same thing.

Our primary concern with such a policy, however, has been to insure the availability of promotable people: a strong executive development program is the only real insurance against the undesirable alternative of an executive recruitment program.

Over the years, we have put this belief on the line, and in almost every instance key executive positions have been filled by men who matured in our own organization.

This month, this program provided us with its ultimate rewards—a new president and a new executive vice president for Rockwell.* Each of these men, though relatively young, is a seasoned veteran in our company who has proved his qualifications through a planned series of assignments.

Perhaps this is as good a time as any then to say that, after 13 years of going it alone, I'll be sharing the responsibility for these columns in the future. Next month, for instance, the column will be authored by the new president.

In this way we'll hope to keep the Rockwell Report as interesting and fresh and varied as possible. And as usual, we'll hope to continue to receive your ideas and comments.

*President: A. C. Daugherty
Executive Vice President: F. P. Maxwell

* * *

When you visit the New York World's Fair, we hope to see you at our exhibit of Rockwell power tools in the Better Living Center building. With the theme, "Rockwell Serves Youth and Industry," the exhibit shows how young people are trained to use the tools they will later employ in industry. Many individual power tools for home and industry are being demonstrated. In addition, a complete home workshop is featured.

* * *

We have some proprietary interest (as an industrial contributor) in the Gas Industry Pavilion at the Fair. Built at a cost of almost four and a half million dollars, the Pavilion covers more than 30,000 square feet, and rises five stories above ground level. In pleasant airy surroundings you will have an opportunity to learn how gas is contributing to a better life for you on one hand, and improving conditions for industry on the other.

* * *

Perhaps the most unusual use of any of our products at the Fair is that of Rockwell taximeters on the specially-designed Escorter vehicles operated by Greyhound. Seating up to four persons, the open-air Escorters are operated by driver-guides who describe the Fair in detail to their passengers. The basis for charging for this extra-comfort service is determined by the meter which measures time only: the rate for two passengers is \$3 for the first twenty minutes and 50 cents for each 3 and 1/2 minutes thereafter.

* * *

This is one of a series of informal reports on Rockwell Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, makers of Measurement and Control Devices, Instruments, and Power Tools for twenty-two basic markets.



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Indianapolis to Terre Haute
flight two minutes late;



which could
make our Terre Haute to
Danville flight three
minutes late;



which could make our
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because the act seems too gross. One day a local beauty comes to Glas with a problem: her clergyman husband keeps insisting on his connubial rights, even though her heart belongs to another. That other, she intimates, is Glas. The doctor sees his duty. He must rescue the lady from rape. One afternoon, Glas slips a potassium cyanide pill into the clergyman's Vichy water. But the man with nerve enough to murder lacks the will to make off with the widow. That would lead to happiness, and happiness, Söderberg implies, is the last thing a conscience can tolerate in a turn-of-the-century guilt-ridden society.

THE TOWN BEYOND THE WALL by Elie Wiesel. 179 pages. Atheneum. \$3.95.

Why did so many Jews go unresisting, even unknowing, to the extermination camps? Why were so many observers apathetic? The questions refuse to go away. Now Elie Wiesel, 36, survivor of Auschwitz and Buchenwald, suggests the poet's answers with a strange, lovely novel, drenched with horror, God-besotted and all-but-autobiographical. The hero, Michael, secretly returns to his native Hungarian town, is arrested by the Communist police and interrogated. To keep silent, Michael forces himself to relive his past; through his memories, people and episodes are mortised together to form a convincing mosaic portrait of East European Jewry—gripped by a curious, optimistic fatalism and a too-great intimacy with God. Finally, released from the torture and flung in prison, he moves beyond immobility to action. In the dungeon with him is one worse off than he, a prisoner totally withdrawn and silent. After days of struggle to make contact, Michael brings the man to speak at last, and knows the touch of divine grace that accompanies the assumption of responsibility of each for each.

A LIFE FULL OF HOLES by Driss ben Hamed Charhadi, as told to and translated by Paul Bowles. 310 pages. Grove Press. \$5.

Paul Bowles has solved two great problems that still nag at the more old-fashioned novelist—the invention of a story and the creation of character. In this book, the character writes the story. He is Driss ben Hamed Charhadi, a North African Arab whose language is Moghrebi (an Arabic dialect), and who has been shepherd, baker's deliveryman, carpenter and kif salesman. With the encouragement of Bowles and the help of a tape recorder, Charhadi narrated the life of a fatherless child growing up in the boondocks of French Morocco. A horrible life it is—on the move, short of food, rarely with a job, and always subject to thievery, peonage, and random homosexual attack. "It sounds very fine in Moghrebi," Bowles told his talkative protégé, "but I can't tell you anything until I've changed it into English." Probably shouldn't have tried.

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